The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

"Tough-Hearted Winnie Mae" and Her Young Men

A "LADY-PLANE" FROM OKLAHOMA emerges as the heroine of the latest achievement in "putting a girdle around the earth."

Driven by "two young men in a hurry," "tough-hearted *Winnie Mae*" went like a house afire, ecstatically exclaims the editor of the Birmingham *News*, making no effort to conceal the fact that he feels "that way" about the *Winnie Mae:*

"No murmuring skip-beats in the engine of the *Winnie Mae*. And so when the hour sounds for climbing higher into the eternal blue, where, Dr. Piccard says, the whole circle of the rainbow is visible, and where a purple sky covers a blue landscape untroubled by clouds, some reconstructed *Winnie Mae* should be commissioned to race with the sun and the moon and the stars."

This Alabama daily's personification of the machine as the heroine of Wiley Post's and Harold Gatty's record-smashing flight around the globe in nine days is just a sample of an attitude that finds wide-spread expression in the press.

To-day, many editors insist, we are less imprest with stunt-flying and record-breaking than we are with evidence of increasing mechanical progress and power. As the Philadelphia *Record* defines this changed attitude: "A stunt becomes a matter-of-fact trip. That, too, is progress."

Photographs by courtesy of Rand McNally & Company

"Two Young Men in a Hurry"

Wiley Post (left) and Harold Gatty (right) are two mild-mannered air-navigators, whose record-breaking tour of the world was financed by F. C. Hall, a Texas farmer, who, says the United Press, made a fortune in oil. The "Winnie Mae" was named after "his little girl," Mrs. Winnie Mae Fain, of Long Beach, California.

LESS than sixty years ago Jules Verne astonished the world with a fantastic and incredible romance entitled "Around the World in Eighty Days," the New Haven *Journal-Courier* points out, "and respectable folk smiled indulgently at the gentleman, who, they felt sure, was simply having another fit of creative mendacity."

"Jules Verne must be stirring uneasily in his final resting place to-day," adds the Washington *Star*. The present generation, as several editors remark, has become so accustomed to the translation of imaginative fantasy into scientific reality that it is almost bored by stunt-flying.

The point is, as the New Haven *Journal-Courier* sees it, that if Post and Gatty can circle the world in nine days, "thousands of people at home will feel safer in venturing, say, from Boston to New York by air."

Again and again editors turn to the importance of the "good engine"—to "tough-hearted *Winnie Mae*," and the vast progress in endurance, reliability, and speed of airplane engines.

The fundamental principle of flight has not changed, the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* points out, since the Wrights made their first flight at Kitty Hawk, on December 17, 1903. But "a long list of changes in design and perfection of small parts explains the difference between today's airplane and those of a few years ago." Some of these changes are specified:

"A thousand details of mechanism, materials, and structure have been patiently modified by a host of workers to improve the flying craft.

"The ring cowling of the *Winnie Mae's* motor is a comparatively new device, which adds nearly ten miles an hour to the plane's speed.

"The complete elimination of wires and struts has reduced air resistance to a minimum.

"The instrument board of the modern plane checks every important element in flight and motor performance.

"The stout strength of wings and control surfaces is built into them with the certainty of experienced engineering.

"Many worries of the early pilots were spared these two travelers as they set out on their long journey.

"But the modern motor is probably the greatest contribution to safety above the seas, and its approximate perfection is due to invisible details.

"In earlier days the breaking of fuel and oil lines often brought airplanes down.

"The danger was isolated by experience, and largely eliminated.

"Ignition troubles are rendered less hazardous to-day by dual systems of firing the cylinders.

"Severe tests, both in full flight and on the testing block, have discovered the failure point of engine parts, the points of greatest strain, the rate at which metals break down with fatigue.

"When the problem was determined, a concentration of effort has usually solved it."

FOR the New York *World-Telegram*, likewise, the Post-Gatty globe-girdling flight demonstrates the great practical advance aviation is making, "thanks mainly to improved design in motors

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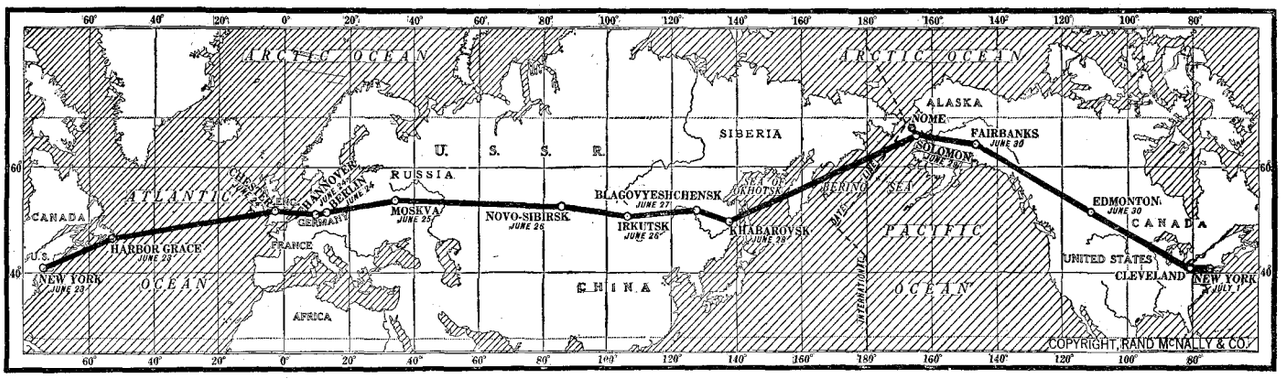

"We'll Put a Girdle About the Earth"—and They Did It in Just 8 Days, 15 Hours, 51 Minutes.

With the aid of "tough-hearted Winnie Mae," Wiley Post and Harold Gatty translate Puck's boast from the realm of fantasy to that of hard-boiled, machine-made reality. Here is their route across two oceans and three continents.

and planes." This Scripps-Howard daily adjoins interesting comparisons with other round-the-world flights by plane and dirigible:

"The Army round-the-world flyers spent 150 days in a 27,000-mile circuit, 366 hours of that in the air. Kingsford-Smith was on the way two years. The *Graf Zeppelin* made the fastest time to date, flying from Friedrichshafen to Friedrichshafen in twenty days and four hours."

THE Richmond *Times-Dispatch* adds other interesting comparisons, beginning with the famous voyage of Fernando Magellan:

"Magellan's famous voyage, the first of its kind, consumed 1,083 days. The captain never completed the circuit, but he started that vogue in around-the-world travel which has become increasingly popular. It was not, however, until the days of steamships and wanderers sought a record for circumnavigation of the earth's surface, and not until 1872 that Jules Verne laid the challenge of eighty days in his famous romance.

"Shortly thereafter Nellie Bly succeeded in getting around the world in seventy-two days, six hours, and eleven minutes. Here was the first record.

"Since that time, the race has continued, and any day promises to see the pace increased. In 1913 John H. Mears established the record for land-and-sea travel, and made the circuit in thirty-five days, twelve hours, and thirty-six minutes.

"But air travel brought greater possibilities. The United States Army sent a group of planes around in about fourteen and a half days' flying time, but the trip actually took 175 days. Two years later, E. S. Evans, using all available modes of travel, brought the record to twenty-eight days, fourteen hours, and thirty-six minutes. But Capt. C. B. D. Collyer went him one better and clipt the time to twenty-three days, fifteen hours, and twenty-one minutes."

ADMITTING that a complete circuit of the earth is the most futile kind of travel, leaving the traveler where he started, the Springfield *Republican* nevertheless believes it a good test of speed and endurance. This Massachusetts paper looks forward to the future, when "stratosphere" flying may come with a sensational increase of speed, "which will start a new race with the sun as competitor":

"These prodigious flights are mainly a matter of engine power and fuel supply, and with the mechanical basis provided they soon come to seem a matter of course. In some respects an even more impressive illustration of man's increased command of flight may be found in the winning the other day by a German glider of the prize offered for a two-way crossing of the English Channel in a motorless plane.

"For many can remember what a sensation the first flight across the Channel made and how reckless Blériot seemed—what if his engine should fail?

"Yet now we see airmen crossing the Channel without an engine as nonchalantly as the skipper of a sailing yacht.

"Accidents still happen, but so many more of them happen down below that the air may soon come to seem relatively safe. Blériot's flight was made only twenty-two years ago, and for years after that, flying the Channel was enough to make an airman famous.

"Between 1909 and 1931 we have passed into the globe-girdling age."

TRUE, in a relatively large section of editorial opinion, cynical and facetious disillusion crops out concerning the romance and the adventure of the record-breaking flights like this of Harold Gatty and Wiley Post, with their sensational publicity, their New York receptions. But the public sentiment voiced by a large number of papers still responds to the thrill, the courage, and the bravery, no less than the sleepless endurance, of the two young men from Oklahoma. The Columbus *Ohio State Journal* is among this number:

"The young men have gript the imagination and enthusiasm of millions.

"The zip with which they took off, the vaguely defined but certain feeling in the breasts of those watching them that they would succeed, their comparative unwillingness to talk at length concerning their trip, and their easy disregard for the physical discomforts they must undergo to keep on schedule constitute an appealing something which entrances the public.

"The flight of Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, however, seems different. They are known as 'two young men in a hurry.' What it is that gives them a distinction from the other long-distance flyers is difficult to describe, altho we are of the belief that a great deal of it lies in the fact that they seem to be having so much fun doing it.

"There is a swagger, a drama about their flight that has been absent from those which obviously have been selfishly planned for the mere cash value of the attending publicity.

"The old elemental urge to see man best the elements, time, and every other man before him seems to sensationalize the blood."

SIMILARLY, the Brooklyn *Eagle* warns us not to disparage the achievement of these young men. That may be instinctive, due to our own inability to comprehend or our satiation with the diet of smashed records that we have supped upon. In the words of *The Eagle*, "We have reached the age of quantity production of records," and it proceeds:

"This is a day in which the inducement of gain directs activities of business and science as never before.

"Yet the direct gain from the exertion of flying around the world or of climbing higher than others have climbed is hardly impressive.

"Those who do these things may count on reaping some of the advantages that renown confers.

"But whatever they win in that way seems slight by comparison with their performances.

"Man has acquired the means to do many things not possible to his elders.

"He will no doubt go on doing them, and we must expect the setting of new records in increasing number, so long as the public retains its interest in them. Their by-product value in aids to ordinary living is no doubt their true value."

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The Thorns on the Hoover Rosebush

HISSES AMONG THE CHEERS.

In that great burst of applause that greeted the Hoover debt-holiday plan, keen ears heard a few discordant cries of hostility.

And since in the months that will elapse before our Congress can act, some opposition may well develop, it will be interesting to see if we can discover now who the chief critics are likely to be, and what line their opposition is likely to take.

The President, it will be remembered, made a point of securing in advance the approval of the leaders in Congress, and then followed it up afterward by telephoning and telegraphing and cabling all over the country and, indeed, over a good deal of the world, to the rest of the Senators and Representatives.

Practically every one who answered sent back an OK. But in some cases there were reservations so emphatic as to overshadow the more or less perfunctory indorsement.

Senator Brookhart of Iowa doesn't mind a year's moratorium, but he thinks the subject is "of too much importance to be decided by Congress by informal conference or telegrams to members." And then, too, the stock-market boom made a deep impression on this redoubtable foe of Wall Street, and he says that before he votes "for any proposal that will renew the stock gambling orgy" he will "insist on some legislation, perhaps similar to the speculative stock-sales tax offered by Senator Glass as an amendment to the tariff act."

An independent-minded member of the House of Representatives, Mr. La Guardia of New York, agrees with the Iowa Senator that the President should have consulted Congress officially before making his offer—"legislative power-of-attorney to a President, authorizing him to act without proper action, is dangerous to a democracy and smacks of a legislative surrender to a dictator. Let us be candid," says Mr. La Guardia; "the postponement plan is simply the introduction to eventual revision of all debts, including reparations. Unless Congress asserts itself now, it can not blame any one if some day in the midst of a summer recess it finds the country again committed."

THIS Congressman is evidently one of those who do not object to the moratorium *per se*, but do object most seriously and strenuously on the ground that it is simply the thin edge of the cancelation wedge, the nose of the debt-reduction camel pushing under the edge of the tent. That is also the way Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California feels about it:

"A moratorium for one year, just a brief period, is planned.

"In reality, it is the beginning of the cancelation of the debts due to the United States from European nations, debts due not alone for moneys advanced during the war, but for moneys lent to European nations after the war for rehabilitation.

"We buy from the European nations, it is claimed, forbearance for Germany, but what we are actually doing is to safeguard loans and investments of our international bankers.

"Let the Congress meet and turn on the light."

William Randolph Hearst has been in England, so his thoughts on the Hoover scheme come to us by way of statements for British newspapers reproduced in the editorial columns of the Hearst newspapers, like the earlier statement indorsing Coolidge for President as an anti-cancelationist. Mr. Hearst justifies his opposition as follows, in one of these statements:

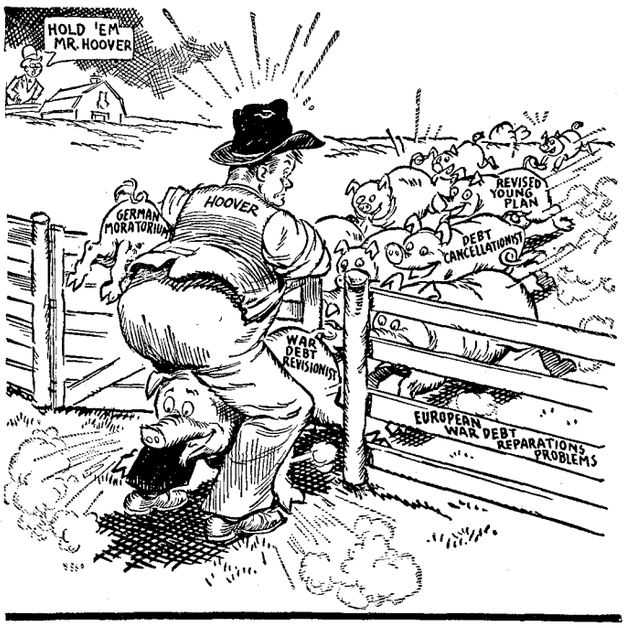
"I am uncompromisingly opposed to further reduction of the war debt of foreign nations to America.

"I spoke my opposition to Mr. Hoover's moratorium because it seemed to be—and to be universally considered—a precedent or preliminary to permanent debt-cancelation. All the statesmen and all the plain people over here who are equipped to discuss the subject at all blandly believe that a moratorium is the first step toward the debt-cancelation which they advocate, and that other steps will certainly and speedily follow.

"Consequently, if there are adequate assurances and convincing guaranties that the moratorium will last only for a stated period, and will constitute no permanent or protracted interruption to war-debt payments, and no infraction of principle and policy which after so much and so difficult negotiation have finally been agreed upon, I will not oppose it.

"But if these assurances and guaranties are not convincingly presented to the next Congress, before which the question of this moratorium and its effects upon war-debt payments will come, I shall oppose the measure to the utmost of my abilities."

AND the Chicago *Tribune* is having anxious moments over the implications of the Hoover program. It believes that, "however the facts are arranged or the probabilities weighed, the American



A Good Place to Watch Out for a Stampede!

—Thiele in the Beloit (Wis.) "News."

taxpayer makes the only contribution with which the scheme will start, and will be found alone holding the bag when it has served its purpose." The Chicago daily argues that there are other ways to relieve Germany besides burdening the American taxpayer. It calls attention to the fact that "the victor nations which stript Germany and Austria to the bone to make the recovery of Central Europe as painful and slow as possible, have not, as instance of good faith, made a single offer of restitution from their own spoils." In short, "there is no visible sacrifice which any nation but the United States proposes to make"—

"The other nations willingly drop all responsibility again at the American door.

"Their statesmanship contrived a war they couldn't end. It made a peace which could not be lived.

"They brought the United States in to end the war. They made a peace it could not accept. They borrowed money for the war and money for the peace. Militarily, socially, financially, industrially, and politically they have confessed themselves bankrupt, in most of these factors three times confessed.

"What would a sensible creditor do when this poverty was laid at his door?

"He would ask the debtors first to bring him their assets and permit an arrangement which aimed at solvency. Then he could make the concessions needed for recovery. The United States was not too proud to fight. It is too soft to negotiate."

THE American mind, we read in another *Tribune* editorial, wonders why in a crisis "Europe seems unable to initiate anything to help herself and is constantly turning to America for

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further contributions and further sacrifices—our sudden summons to save the collapsing fabric of European credit and our prompt response to it recall ominously our summons to save civilization in 1917." And when the Hoover action is hailed "as the beginning of a new era," it means in plain words, we read, the beginning "of a surrender of our independence of action and our penitent return to European affairs."

Naturally these criticisms do not escape editorial attention. The effect, if any, of Mr. Hearst's desertion of Hoover "upon the English readers of *The Daily Express* is problematical and of little or no consequence," thinks the Springfield *Union*, especially as compared to "the undoubted effect of Mr. Coolidge's indorsement of the Hoover proposal." The Birmingham *Age-Herald* is convinced that "Mr. Hearst will be almost a lone voice in the American press." Senator Johnson's suspicions are set down by the Louisville *Times* as "sheer demagogism."

"The President has done no such thing," is the Philadelphia *Record's* sharp reply to those accusing Mr. Hoover of usurping the authority of Congress—"he has avoided the mistake made by President Wilson; the mistake of pledging Congress without its okay." *The Record* even considers the President's letter to the Congressmen "a model of good sense and fair play."

President Hoover's action, as far as the Washington correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal* can recall, is unique in national affairs:

"It corresponds closely to the action of a corporation executive who, when obliged to work fast, takes an informal poll of his directors or stockholders, and then obtains official ratification of his plan at the next annual meeting.

"Should Mr. Hoover's technique in this instance prove satisfactory, it is likely that the practise might be frequently employed during long recesses of Congress to enable the President to act without calling an extra session."

We are reminded, too, in the same dispatch, that:

"Under Mr. Hoover's proposal for a one-year holiday in all reparations and war-debt payments, it is possible to wait until Congress convenes December 7 before legislative action necessary to operation of the plan is taken.

"The next debt payments to the United States are due December 15. Only an Act of Congress could authorize suspension of these payments. Congress, if it acts speedily, could enact such a measure in the first week of its session.

"There is the possibility that a fight over the speakership in the House and opposition of some individual Senators might delay final action a few days, but this probably would not be regarded as serious, even should it occur."

THIS particular difficulty might be avoided "if the President should call Congress into extraordinary session, say a month or two before the regular meeting date." But, continues Morris D. Ervin, in one of his Washington dispatches to the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "even then there would be other difficulties":

"Total payments of the Allies to the United States on interest and principal amount to approximately $250,000,000 a year. Formerly the Treasury applied it entirely to reduction of the debt.

"But now, with the United States running a deficit, it is being used for current expenses. If the payment of this amount should be postponed it would mean that much added to the already threatened deficit for next year.

"Even if the United States should itself put off temporarily the regular yearly reduction of its own debt, such an increase in the debt might mean the levying of additional taxes merely for the purpose of keeping up the interest payments. With both parties going into a national campaign it is easy to understand why either might hesitate to take the responsibility.

"Such action would require the closest and most harmonious kind of cooperation between the two major parties in Congress and a knowledge on the part of a large majority of Congressmen of the relation between reparations, Allied debts, and economic conditions, which a great many Congressmen do not have now.

"The President is eager to rob the whole question of all partizan color. Only by doing that can he hope to make any headway with any plan that he might devise."

Spain's Infant Republic Holds Its First Election

FROM SPAIN'S FIFTY PROVINCES—from the distant Canary Islands in the Atlantic, and the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, from the cities of Spanish Morocco, 476 representatives of the 22,000,000 citizens of Europe's newest republic are on their way to Madrid to form the Cortes, or Constitutional Assembly.

On July 14, these delegates will begin the work of adopting a constitution.

The election of April 12, which caused the downfall of the monarchy, was followed, eleven weeks later, by the elections of June 28 and July 5, which, according to the New York *Times*, demonstrated that Spain "has emphatically indorsed the republican idea."

The draft of the new constitution, which will be presented to the Cortes for ratification, attempts to indicate solutions for such knotty problems as Catalan autonomy and Basque separatism.

THE LITERARY DIGEST'S special cable poll of the Spanish and European press indicates wide-spread confidence in the Cortes's ability to solve its complex problems. Dailies of divergent policy in Madrid agree in this. *El Liberal*, which has been republican since its establishment fifty-three years ago, referring to the victory, says:

"Together with the monarchy there was buried the system which had enabled the monarchy to suppress regional personality during past centuries. The Cortes can prepare to maintain national unity within the Federal system."

The Socialist party organ, *El Socialista*, is also satisfied:

"Nobody can doubt now that Spain is republican.

"Spain did not become republican overnight. It was republican long before the revolution, but the régime of oppressive, oligarchical, monarchical bossism prevented the country from expressing itself. The monarchy and Spain were profound contradictions. The people proclaimed this just as soon as they were given an opportunity to do so.

"The magnificent elections demonstrate that order is compatible with the realization of a profound revolution."

THE Catholic *El Debate* declares that no other country could have held such important elections with so little disturbance. However—

"The Government must recognize that the elections were not without the blot of coercion in certain provinces. The conservative forces can boast of triumphal episodes at Navarre, Biscay, and Guipuzcoa, besides the conservative agrarian movement in Salamanca."

The London *Daily Telegraph* believes that distribution of power among the various parties will insure a proper balance in the Cortes:

"It would seem, in fact, that Socialists of various hues—but excluding those of the liveliest hue—will have their hands upon the destiny of the infant Republic when the Cortes meets July 14, but that no section will have anything approaching a majority of seats.

"The power will lie with a coalition of groups; and it remains yet to be seen whether, for instance, the tolerant statesmanship of the Republican Right, the party of Provisional President Alcala Zamora, will have a place and influence in that combination."

For the London *News-Chronicle* the elections of June 28, orderly, quiet, and for the most part without disturbance, presage the success of the Cortes in the task it undertakes next week. Says this London paper:

"The striking and most hopeful feature of the Spanish elections is the defeat almost everywhere of extremists of all shades and colors."

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New York's First Woman Judge Is Judged

TOO HARD, TOO RUTHLESS, too merciless, too unjust. These are the causes in plain, every-day language, explains the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, that have led to the downfall of Mrs. Jean Hortense Noonan Norris, who now, by the unanimous verdict of the five justices of the Appellate Division, First Department, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, no longer passes judgment, from a magistrate's bench, upon unfortunate women of New York City.

A chorus of boos and hisses greeted the deposed magistrate as she left the building of the Appellate Court, reports the New York *Times*.

Walking with a firm tread, the shortish, heavily built woman, whose dark boyish bob gives her a youthful appearance, deliberately sought refuge in a waiting taxicab.

Despite the surrounding mob, Mrs. Norris is pictured as preserving all that dignity which made her an imposing figure on the bench. There, we are told by the reporters, she wore a black silk robe with a touch of white showing beneath, pince-nez glasses, with big lenses and a long chain. And she delivered her heavy sentences in a clear, sharp voice she never had to raise in order to make herself heard throughout the courtroom.

Born about half a century ago in Brooklyn, the daughter of Maj. John Giles Noonan of the United States Army, Jean Noonan married Thomas H. Norris, and was admitted to the bar in 1909.

Ten years later she was made city magistrate for a term ending in 1930, when, according to press accounts, she was reappointed by Mayor James J. Walker.

For the chivalrous Virginia editor, the irony of the human drama lies hidden here:

"This hardness, this ruthlessness, this mercilessness, this injustice—all this was displayed toward women and girls of the most unfortunate class.

"According to the charges—and be it remembered that she has been removed on these charges—this woman judge seemed to delight in imposing cruel sentences on delinquent girls and women.

"Worse than that, according to the charges, she frequently railroaded them.

"She would not even give them opportunity to be heard in their own behalf.

"A girl was accused of street walking, of occupying a disorderly house, or any one of similar offenses, and, if she was brought before Magistrate Mrs. Norris, she was doomed to punishment.

"Guilty or not, she was not permitted to speak.

"She might have been framed by one or more of the degraded policemen and their associates who were recently convicted of having framed many women. Whether she was or not, whether she could or could not have convinced any hearer that she was innocent, she was already sentenced in the mind of Magistrate Mrs. Norris."

FOR the Norfolk editor, the irony of the situation is intensified by the fact that this Brooklyn-born woman judge—described in certain papers as a Tammany "career woman"—once wrote an essay entitled "The Trial of Christ Before the Sanhedrin." But:

"So far as the record shows, she never wrote such a thing as 'The Judgment of Christ Upon the Magdalen.'"

Acme

Mrs. Norris With Her Nephew

Photographed in front of the court where she was tried and judged unfit for the bench.

THE Scripps-Howard New York *World-Telegram* thanks the Appellate justices for their "merciful decision"—"merciful to those who might in the future have suffered from the same high-handedness which convicted illegally and did not scruple at altering court records." *The World-Telegram* gives this example:

"A girl art student, seized by a woman police officer and a deaconess as she emerged from a Greenwich Village house, where she was reported to be living, unmarried, with her sweetheart, is arraigned before Magistrate Norris in Women's Court.

"In the words of the Appellate justices, Mrs. Norris put this twenty-year-old girl on trial without benefit of counsel, and without informing her of her constitutional rights, and convicted her on testimony of negligible character."

To the New York *Evening Post*, the significance of this human drama lies elsewhere than in its exposure of "unfit magistrates" appointed to the bench in New York City:

"Here we had the spectacle of a woman, set in a woman's court in order to bring a woman's understanding to the women unfortunates who filed before her.

"Instead of that, she was even harsher to them than were her men colleagues.

"She permitted the vice squad to pursue before her eyes its infamous frame-ups.

"Far from seeing that the women got justice, she overrode the rights and protection given them by law."

DOES this removal of the first woman magistrate appointed in New York signify that women have no place as office-holders, on the bench or at the bar? Several dailies ask this question; the majority of them answer it in the negative.

"The important thing for us to learn," opines Heywood Broun in the Washington *Daily News*, "is that men and women function about the same in the political scheme." At the same time he appraises the ousting of Magistrate Norris as "the most valuable of all the victories gained through the investigation of our courts of first instance." The Troy *Record* concludes that "the fate of Mrs. Norris should not have a prejudicial effect upon the advancement of women lawyers to high judicial positions."

Recalling the case of Mrs. Florence Knapp, New York Secretary of State, and Census Director, who was sent to prison in 1928 for grand larceny of State funds, the Richmond *News Leader* nevertheless reminds us:

"There are scores of women holding important positions in New York and in other States who have met responsibility with good sense and have borne with modesty the bewildering light of publicity.

"A woman heads the Civil Service Commission of New York, Mrs. Charles Bennett Smith, and a great woman in the person of Frances Perkins is Industrial Commissioner.

"Frances Perkins has given twenty vigorous years of her life to the betterment of working conditions. That has been her supreme interest since 1911, when the shocking Triangle fire cost the lives of 146 girls in a loft-factory.

"Any State that has a Frances Perkins can live down a Florence Knapp."

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The Tiger Roars at Racketeers

HUMORIST AND BOULEVARDIER by impulse, the Tammany Mayor of New York has, nevertheless, his moods of militant moral earnestness, and the racketeers are finding that out.

"We will drive out every last gorilla, and we won't be gentle about it, either," shouts Mayor Walker. "The gorilla who says he has any political power that will reach up to the Mayor and the Police Commissioner is a liar!"

A hot retort, this, to a brazen enough challenge. According to Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing

Another Abdication Needed
—Enright in the Milwaukee "Journal."

Workers, racketeers in New York have been boasting that they were "as strong as the city government."

However, the extirpation of "gorillas" is not alone a job for the Tiger, it is also and as definitely a job for the goat—that is to say, for industry—and Police Commissioner Mulrooney, who has "pounded the sidewalk" in his day, and philosophizes after a long practical acquaintance with rascality, tells the garment trade:

"If you have guts, we will use the power of the city to drive out the racketeers. But you have got to stand up with us and fight. By fighting I mean you must be willing to back up your complaints."

That will certainly take "guts." As reported by the New York *Times*, Mr. Hillman said:

"To every witness who has testified, ten have refused to testify, because they are afraid. Gangsters visit the homes of men who have testified. Only last Monday one of the finest men in our organization was shot at his home—Beverly Road, Brooklyn. That he was not killed was an accident. He is now being operated upon, with a bullet in his body.

"They have sent word to us that other people, again mentioning names, are going to be, in their language, 'bumped off.'"

To this the Mayor, famous for "wisecracking," replies in grim earnest, "You may have all the police protection you want. Every policeman in the city is at your disposal, if necessary. You may have a policeman sleep in the same room with you, if you want it. Don't pay tribute."

A chorus of editorial cheers greets this roar from the Tiger. "Excellent, Mr. Mayor!" cries the New York *World-Telegram*—

"Once get the thugs on the run and there will be fewer complainants afraid to stand up to their complaints. It is lack of faith in the city's intent to go through with the job that keeps racketeer victims fearful of testifying.

"When you are angry, Mr. Mayor, you speak plainly, forcefully.

"We are glad to see you angry at last with the brutal, lawless power that degrades a twentieth-century metropolis to the abject level of a medieval town terrorized by brigands.

"We are glad to see you angry at this power's boast that it is stronger than the city government, that it has political influence.

"Don't let that anger cool. It is a good example to police, prosecutors, juries, judges. We need it at full heat until New York is rid of its scourge."

So, also, Mr. Hearst's New York *Evening Journal*, which tells its readers that the Mayor's "declaration of war on racketeers has the united endorsement of every business man and every consumer in the city. Racketeering raises the price of everything you buy—your clothes, your food, all other necessities. It is a tax levied on you, as purchaser, to support a few thousand gangsters and a few hundred shyster lawyers and a few hundred more corrupt politicians."

Typical of comment the country over, these vigorous paragraphs voice the growing indignation against racketeering, one of whose devices, employed by "gorillas" in terrorizing the quilt-makers of New York City, is thus described by the Washington *Evening Star:*

"The favorite weapon of attack by the racketeers against the quilt-makers has been a squirt-gun, and a man has now been arrested as the wielder of this strange implement of offense.

"The method employed has been to stick the nozle of the squirt-gun through a keyhole or a letter flap in a door of the factory and project into the wareroom or workshop a stream of a synthetic chemical which, according to one report, 'combines the scents of a Chinese fishing village on a hot August afternoon and of a burning rubber factory.'

"The evaporation of this chemical causes an almost asphyxiating gas, which persists for days and penetrates all absorbent materials such as those used in the manufacture of quilts, so that they are virtually ruined."

The Tiger's roar is heard far and wide, with the more effect because it follows other efforts to deal drastically with crime in New York and elsewhere, and the Memphis (Tenn.) *Commercial Appeal* observes:

"Now that the course of Al Capone, maestro of Chicago racketeers, is turned toward a penitentiary; that Jack (Legs) Diamond and 'Dutch' Schultz are under legal restraint in New York, and that other leading racketeers in other places are under fear of lawful authority, business men who have been the victims of various rackets are beginning to take hope.

"Contractors in building construction, master plumbers, cleaners and dyers, as well as a variety of other business activities, are being now emboldened to resist the demands of the racketeers.

"Heretofore they have paid heavily so that they could continue their business without hindrance or sabotage. They considered payment the easiest way.

"But now the victims of many racketeers are expressing determination to resist the demands of the extortioners. They have even gained enough courage to assert that they will furnish information to prosecuting officials through which the racketeers can be singled out and arrested.

"If they go through with their determination, there is no good reason why the extortion racket should not be eliminated."

On this point, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* remarks, "It takes as much courage to be a citizen as to be a cop," continuing:

"Private citizens too cowardly to testify defeat the police in the very protection they require. The ultimate initiation of any drive against the gangster rests not with the police, but with the citizen. The police will cooperate, will do the dirty work. But without complaints, without witnesses, they can do nothing."

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Detroit's Duel Over Doles

"CAME THE DAWN," as the movie captions used to say, a cold and rainy dawn, and Detroit's "dew and sunshine" Mayor, red-haired, youthful Frank Murphy, finds himself caught in the icy downpour of criticism.

"The issue," asserts his chief critic, which is the gigantic Ford Motor Company, "is what became of at least $10,000,000 of the taxpayers' money disposed of in so-called welfare work."

But let us turn back for a moment.

"We will have the dew and the dawn and the sunshine of a new era," Mr. Murphy promised in his election campaign, we are told by W. A. S. Douglas, writing in the Baltimore *Sun*, "and that's how they came to christen him 'dew and sunshine.'" Also, "he informed the voters that if he won he would see to it that no man or woman would ever go hungry in this town."

To keep the pledge, Detroit has spent $17,000,000 for welfare work in the last eight months, the press informs us, and so well did the system seem to work that the Mayor even made a speaking tour to tell other cities all about it.

But now the picture changes.

The city is financially embarrassed, and nobody seems to know what the outcome will be. To make matters worse, a $130-a-month city employee is said to have admitted embezzling $207,000 of the welfare fund, thus providing himself with a yacht, a huge apartment, two expensive automobiles, and a liveried chauffeur. That gives critics an opening which they do not overlook. And the Murphy administration's quarrel with the Ford Motor Company has become so bitter that the company demands a legal investigation of the "fraud and waste" in the welfare fund. "It will be a finish fight—Murphy versus Ford," writes Edward W. Morrison, correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association.

"In the matter of relief, Detroit is credited with having done more than any other American city," notes the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. "In January, the peak month, 47,312 families, or 190,000 persons, slightly more than 12 per cent. of the city's population, were directly assisted by the municipality."

WITH this situation, the charge has often been made in the motor capital that some of the large industries were not shouldering their share of the responsibility, that they brought in men when factories were running full time and dumped them on the city when the depression came.

The Murphy-Ford war of words began, we read, when the Ford company retorted to a statement credited to Thomas E. Dolan, Superintendent of Public Welfare, that "the largest single industry in the metropolitan area, the Ford Motor Company, has the largest number of employees on the [Detroit] welfare rolls, 5,061, or 14.4 per cent."

Stung by that assertion, the company obtained from the Mayor's Unemployment Committee a list of 3,960 who claimed their last place of employment for more than six months was the Ford company. After an investigation, the company declared that 1,315 of these men had never been employed by it at any time. Furthermore—

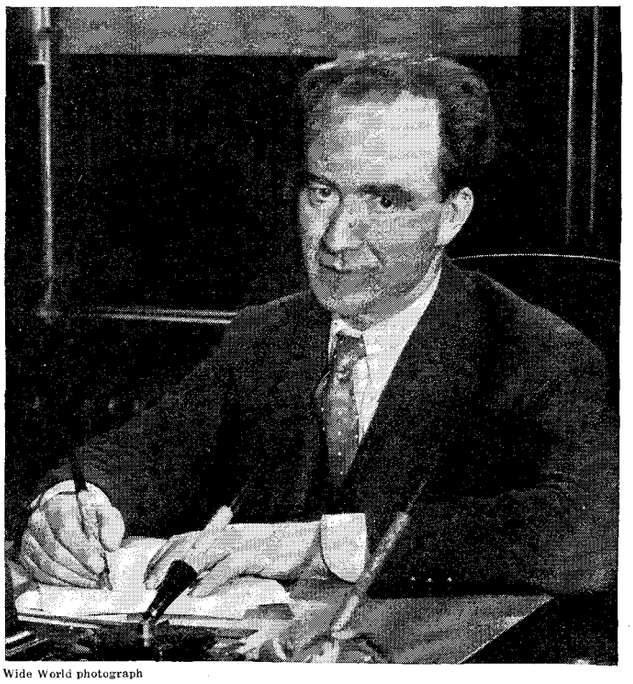
"It would appear that laxity in investigation by members of the Public Welfare Department and the Mayor's Unemployment Committee is responsible for hundreds—if not thousands—of cases of imposition on the welfare through the claim of applicants that they were Ford men, since public criticism of Detroit industries by the Mayor and his officials had set the stage for appeals of this nature."

After saying that "we believe we have been pretty nearly 100 per cent. in our endeavor to take care of our own cases, and in addition we have cared for many other cases for which we are not responsible in the city of Detroit," the statement sets off the dynamite, thus:

"A check-up on names of men aided by the Detroit public welfare who claimed they were former Ford employees shows that of 264 names picked at random for investigation by the Ford officials, 226 had been continuously at work and drawing from $90 to $227 a month.

"As late as February 27, twenty-one of these men were given welfare aid altho they were employed by the Ford Motor Company at that time. They merely lied about it because they felt reasonably certain the aid would be handed them without investigation."

Whereupon the city got busy and did some checking on its own account. Of the 226 cases cited by Ford, fraud was involved in only thirty-one, the Mayor announced. In many instances, it is said, the men were drawing so little from the Ford company that the city had to help them out.



Wide World photograph

"We Have a Battle on Our Hands"

Says Mayor Murphy, who has crossed swords with the Ford Motor Company over the administration of Detroit's welfare fund.

THEN came another harsh statement from the Ford company, which said, as quoted in the press:

"The principal charity needed in Detroit last winter was jobs. It takes no great administrative genius to scatter as much as $2,000,000 a month, but it does require ability to get something in return. The municipal government of Detroit provided all sorts of opportunities to pauperize the people but no opportunity to maintain their self-respect."

At the same time Mr. Ford has come to Detroit's aid with a loan of $5,000,000.

"All this criticism of our welfare policy," said Mayor Murphy, "emanates from sources opposed to the principle of government support of the indigent. We have a battle on our hands and we are going to fight it."

Some of the Detroit papers are sympathetic toward the Mayor but feel that his administration is not measuring up as it should.

Many outside papers see a warning to other municipalities in Detroit's experience. "Cities that are tempted to embark upon a charity spree will do well to remember Detroit and the dole," remarks the Washington *Post*.

But some papers are not so sure that the Detroit system has been proved unworkable.

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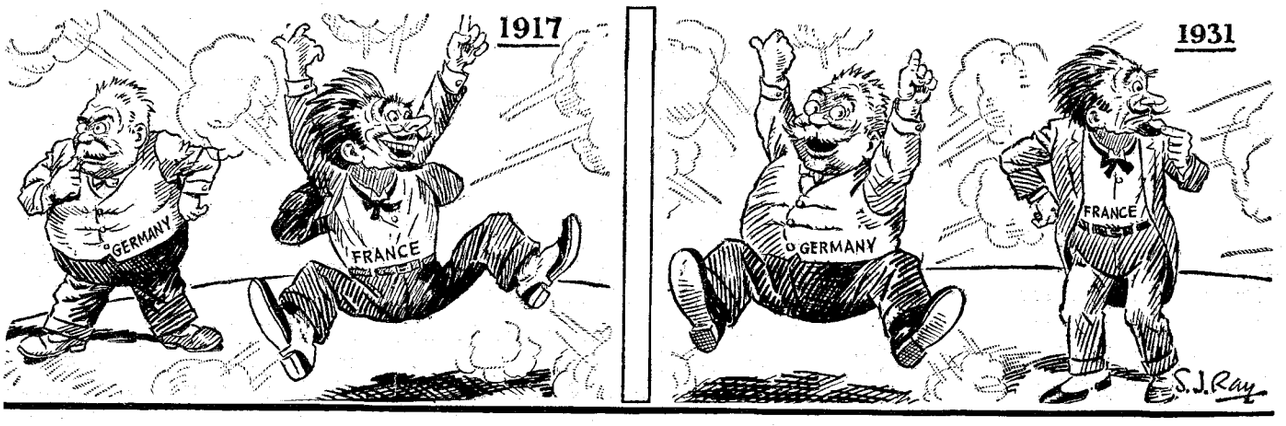

The Yanks Are Coming!

—Ray in the Kansas City "Star."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

War story in brief: Preparations; rations; reparations.—*Palm Beach Post.*

So King Alfonso is saving his money. For what—another reigny day?—*New York Evening Post.*

As regards another World War, history needn't repeat itself. We heard it the first time.—*Detroit News.*

If nature is so truly wonderful, then why didn't she make the mosquito a vegetarian?—*Louisville Times.*

Sometimes it seems as tho the corner that business was turning is a revolving door.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Business may have turned the corner, but it must have struck a rough detour on the way.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Perhaps the trouble is not so much the hardness of the times as the softness of the people.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Proof that man is a superior animal is the fact that he alone survives the cruelty and greed of man.—*Hagerstown (Md.) Herald.*

"We have not paid for our last war," asserts a writer. Maybe we haven't had our last war yet, old dear.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

A good many men would give up their cars because of the hard times if they had any other way to get to the golf-links.—*Wichita Eagle.*

What's the use? Liquor was disgusting because it made people talk too much. And now look at Prohibition.—*Shreveport (La.) Journal.*

"Briand Appeals to Women of the World for Peace." Men have been doing that ever since there was a world.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

The railroad brotherhoods have refused to join with the bus drivers. About the only place they seem to get together is at the crossings.—*Judge.*

Some seem to think the way to prosperity is to take the red ink out of bookkeeping and put it back on the 75-cent table d'hôte.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Astronomers have agreed that the other planets can not support life. And it seems that this one no longer can support it in the manner to which it had become accustomed.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

The Digest bravely risked another printers' strike by permitting its lexicographer to tell an anxious inquirer how to pronounce "Chargoggsgoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg."—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Considering that within two years the stock market has suffered from delusions of grandeur, nervous prostration, spotty fever, chills, and fallen arches, the poor thing is doing quite as well as could be expected.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Young plan seems to have aged quickly for the Germans.—*Pontiac (Mich.) Press.*

We don't know what schizoids are, but if Lincoln was one we are for them.—*Florence Herald.*

Russia is troubled by a lack of machinists—not of the political variety, however.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

As we understand it, Alfonso has not surrendered his right to the throne, only the throne itself.—*Dallas News.*

Man has now conquered almost every dangerous thing in nature except human nature.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

Perhaps the modern girl is too much wrapt up in herself, but she doesn't overdo it otherwise.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Professor Piccard found a zone of depression ten miles up. This thing is more extensive than we imagined.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Wall Street bulls and bears are much of a muchness these days. The bears are afraid and the bulls are scared.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Maybe some headaches are proof of brains, as scientists now inform us, but not the kind you have next morning.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

The railroads make out a good case for increased income, but, for that matter, so could most of the rest of us.—*Boston Transcript.*

Another advantage of old Dobbin was that any argument with a locomotive made him worth a lot more.—*Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger.*

Wall Street dispatches are always talking of "shorts covering," but our observation is that shorts don't cover much.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"Hunger hikers" are besieging the capitals at Springfield and Madison. They arrived by truck and auto.—*American Lumberman.*

We struggled through four new detective novels over the week-end, without coming across a clue as to why they were published.—*Detroit News.*

The Soviet raised the price of groceries 50 per cent. to deflate the currency. We don't know whether or not this will deflate the currency, but it will probably deflate a lot of Russians.—*Thomaston Times.*

Russian emissaries in the United States are instructed to do two things, convince the American workingman that he is being displaced by machines, and purchase machines to forward the Five-Year plan.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The Canadian farmer who peppered a couple of golfers with buckshot, when they entered his cornfield in search of a ball, hung up a rather remarkable record. According to the attending surgeon, he made 13 holes in two.—*Boston Herald.*

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Acme News Pictures

The Burmese Believe Tattoo Marks Make Them Immune to British Bullets

Tattoos vs. Machine-Guns in the Burmese Jungle

IN THE ELEPHANT GRASS and jungle ambushes of Burma the natives are tattooing themselves.

Tattooing means that the flames of rebellion are spreading.

Burmese peasants who join the revolt against the Indian Government, explains the Manchester *Guardian*, believe that the tattooed insignia of a mythical bird, which they place on their arms, gives them immunity from British bullets and the punitive attacks of Indian troops.

Reports of this tattooing are puzzling and disquieting to the London press, which recalls the three long wars of the nineteenth century that were required to subjugate this picturesque country of Indo-China, and to incorporate Burma as a province of the vast Indian empire.

But the Burmese are not Indian, and, according to a well-informed correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, "there are not many Oriental races more antipodal than the Indians and the Burmese."

Now that India is seeking her freedom from the British Empire, Burma seeks emancipation from India. An ardent Burmese Nationalist explained to the *Guardian* writer:

"The Indians are fighting for their freedom, and we for ours; but it is not the same battle. We shall ask for no support from the Indian National Congress, and assuredly we have no intention of letting them run Burma if, and when, they get Swaraj."

THIS new Burmese revolt flared up last December, we read in the London papers; and neither the drenching rains of June nor the guns and airplanes of the Indian Government troops have succeeded in extinguishing it. In the London *News-Chronicle*, Robert Bernays explains that the government forces are not confronted with an organized enemy, "but the far more difficult task of defeating small, isolated bands of Dacoits." In Burma, these Dacoits are armed gangs which have maintained a guerrilla warfare ever since the defeat of King Thibaw by the British in 1885—gangs that never have been subjugated. Now they have renewed their violence, explains Mr. Bernays:

"The Burmese are masters of the art of ambush, and render effective pursuit very difficult in the thick jungle country, for they protect their camps with cunningly concealed spikes, one end of which is buried in the ground and the other pointed toward the enemy.

"These spikes are so sharpened that they can pierce boots and leggings, and inflict crippling wounds.

"The news as to the causes of the troubles confirms the impression that they are both nationalist and economic. It is an anti-foreign movement, directed not merely against the Indians and the British, but against the Chinese too.

"The Pongyis, who are a kind of order of Buddhist monks, are the chief instruments of revolutionary propaganda. Among a peasantry extraordinarily ignorant and superstitious, their thin, yellow robes are objects of great reverence in the villages, and their words have all the force of divine commands.

"Strange prophecies are whispered through the jungle villages that a king will once more return to Burma. There is actually a pretender, Sayasan, who has proclaimed himself King."

A RESIDENT of Burma sends to the Manchester *Guardian* further details of the terror spread throughout Burma by these bloodthirsty bands:

"The rebels have assumed a kind of uniform—often a colored sash—and are invariably tattooed with a mark representing a galon, or dragon.

"In the Burmese Army, before annexation, it was the custom for each unit or regiment to have its own distinctive tattoo mark.

"The rebels in the present case call themselves galons, or dragons, and they have appointed kings (now mostly scattered or captured), the chief of whom is Sayasan, now a fugitive.

"This 'King of Burma' has a grass-built palace in the depths of the jungle, lavishly furnished with clocks.

"The tattooing has a mystic significance, and insures the rebel from death by bullet or dahcuts. It will be seen that the whole movement has a medieval flavor.

"Nevertheless it is serious. It is not to be ignored because of its folly. The initial attacks on the government forces are not difficult to deal with, but the subsequent savaging of the population by dacoit bands is most distressing and tragic.

"A gang appears in the middle of the night and forces its way into some house or village, steals whatever poor property the people possess, murders or mutilates men, women, and children indiscriminately, wreaks vengeance on all who have resisted or who have furnished help or information to the Government, and then departs leaving the house or village in flames."

THE rebellion could be effectively stopt, this authority explains, by the immediate separation of Burma from India. This link, he claims, has been as irritating as it is unnatural:

"The question of the separation of Burma from India has been agitated for a very long time. The Simon Report advocated an 'immediate and public' declaration of separation—and there can be no doubt but that the scrapping of the Simon Report (Burma's political Bible) caused much anxiety.

"After the Round Table Conference, the British Parliament 'conceded the principle' of separation, but still nothing has been done.

"Meanwhile the delay has given time for organized hostility in India, which Burma strongly resents. It can not be said that the Burmese rebellion arises clearly out of the delay in granting separation, but the separation problem fills all the background, and the feeling between Burmans and Indians is strained.

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"The danger of the present rebellion is that it will spread.

"There are two ways of stopping it—one by drastic military action and the other by an immediate declaration of separation of Burma from India, which would rally the whole Burmese nation to the side of the Government. The Simon Report, the Burma Government, the Indian Government, the Round Table Conference, and the British Government have all pronounced in favor of separation, and it is difficult to see why there is any further delay in putting it into effect. At any rate, the consequences of delay are proving tragic for a lot of innocent and blameless people."

Acme Newspictures

British Troops Routing Rioters in the Tharrawady District in Burma

New Zealand's Way with the Workless

ENORMOUS DECREASES IN ITS NATIONAL and private income, resulting from the world slump in produce prices, have brought about unprecedented unemployment in New Zealand which keep the Government awake at nights worrying.

As a desperate remedy, writes a Wellington (N. Z.) correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, plans are under way to place the workless as small farmers on the land. To have an idea of just what the unemployment problem in New Zealand is, we are asked to note that in a total population of barely 1,500,000 there are nearly 40,000 registered unemployed men, besides women and girls, and not including many men who have not troubled to register. This Wellington correspondent goes on:

"The suggestion is that men should be put to clearing remaining crown lands as relief work, and then those who wish should have the opportunity of taking over small farmsteads.

"For this purpose such institutions as the lands department, the State advances office, and the public trustee are available to assist the settler financially. And it is not necessary for a promising man to finance himself. The land can be taken over at the government valuation, and a government mortgage secured on it up to 90 per cent. of the value of the land and the estimated value of improvements to be made on it.

"Advances may thus be obtained for the erection of buildings, for clearing, draining, fencing, cultivation, and other improvements, including grass seed, lime, manure, and implements, but not including live stock, which would have to be financed elsewhere, probably by a stock and station agency.

"The chief difficulty of such State settlement has been in the past that the original land valuation was too high to enable the settler, in many instances, to secure an adequate return to pay the interest on his borrowed money and to provide himself a living.

"Land values, however, are falling, and I understand that in the case of many of the remaining crown lands the Government is so anxious to further closer settlement that it will discuss any reasonable terms."

France, Open-Handed Money-Lender

FRANCE THE MISER, France refusing to aid in the reconstruction of Europe, France hoarding up gold and refusing to make loans to any European country except her "vassals" of the Little Entente—such is a malicious legend that has girdled the globe, and which Stéphane Lauzanne, in a leading article in the Paris *Matin*, now attempts to demolish.

To do this, Mr. Lauzanne presents the figures of France's foreign loans, because, asserts this distinguished authority, "nothing equals the eloquence of figures—*it is sovereign.*"

Here is his list of the foreign loans undertaken by France to the divers countries of the Old World, translated into dollars:

1923	Belgium	6½%	.....	$16,000,000
1923	Austria	6½%	.....	6,800,000
1923	Bulgaria	6½%	.....	1,600,000
1924	Hungary	6½%	.....	3,840,000
1924	Germany	7%	(Dawes)..	15,000,000
1925	Hungary	6%	(consol.) .	2,400,000
1927	Poland	7%	(stab.)...	2,000,000
1928	Bulgaria	7½%	(stabil.)..	5,200,000
1929	Roumania	7%	(stabil.)..	22,400,000
1930	Germany	5½%	(Young) .	86,200,000
1930	Finland	5%	.....	12,000,000
1930	Poland	7%	.....	1,000,000
1931	Roumania	7½%	.....	23,000,000
1931	Jugo-Slavia	7%	.....	27,000,000
1931	Poland	6½%	.....	16,000,000

Just add these figures up, advises the editor of the *Matin*. They represent a total of $240,440,000—almost $200,000,000 since 1928, when the stabilization of the franc was effected. Of this amount no less than 3,026,000,000 francs ($121,040,000) went to countries which were the enemies of France in the Great War:

"So falls the double and lying legend that victorious France is not a lending nation, and that when she does make loans it is only to the countries of the Little Entente, her allies and her 'vassals,' in order to encourage them to arm themselves.

"Statistics, inexorable statistics, show that in reality, when France lends one franc to any country of the Little Entente, she lends one equally to the Central Powers, her enemies of 1914, to aid them to reconstitute their finances.

"God knows, however, that France would have plenty of reasons to refrain from generosity in the matter of foreign loans. If you attempt to make an estimate of all that France has lost, during the last half-century, by exporting her capital which is the fruit of her own economy, you would attain the moving and impressive total of one hundred billions of francs ($4,000,000,000).

"No country in the world having undergone such a drain, could continue to play the spendthrift."

"THE relative prosperity of France causes more envy than admiration," Pierre Etienne Flandin, Minister of Finance, is quoted as saying in the weekly report of the Banque de France, according to a United Press dispatch from Paris, which reports that the French Government is doubling its efforts to find an outlet for surplus French credits.

But France is not so admirable as a lender, think some English editors. For instance, the Manchester *Guardian* advises us that without "even a semblance of a dramatic gesture" the Bank of England has advanced Austria about $21,250,000.

It is now known, claims this Manchester daily, that Austria refused to accept the loan condition of the French authorities that the Austro-German customs union should be abandoned. Consequently, it is charged, France broke off negotiations for a loan for the Credit-Anstalt, the largest bank in Austria, and responsible for about 70 per cent. of Austria's industries.

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German Fears of Revolution

THE SHADOW OF NEXT WINTER has already cast its chill and gloom over this early summer's light and warmth in Germany. And the advent of next winter, it is said, portends in German minds the "end of the world."

It is this critical situation that inspired President Hoover to make his great plea for an international debt holiday.

With Fascism and Communism controlling nearly half the total German electorate, we are told, one of the immediate results of this expression of economic despair has been political violence, leading to an estimated total of 300 dead and many thousands wounded since the first of the year. In some German quarters it is predicted that if the police are unable to cope with the recurrent outbreaks, the Army may be assigned to the task during the autumn and winter.

Both Communists and Fascists, say Berlin press dispatches, have been denouncing the Hoover debt proposal as a snare and a delusion. They contend, it appears, that if it is enforced, it will merely delay the day of reckoning by the forces of revolution and counter-revolution, but that if it fails, it will hasten that day. Even among school children, it seems, the spirit of revolution is rife. A United Press correspondent at Berlin cables:

"In recent weeks, because of the reduction of the dole, Communists have organized unemployed raids on Town Halls in various districts, notably Westphalia and Saxony, where they forced the Burgomasters to hand out uncurtailed doles.

"Meantime, the famished unemployed in Berlin, Cologne, Frankfort, and elsewhere have almost daily been pillaging foodshops, snatching sausages or bread and fleeing before the police arrive.

"Even the elaborate Municipal Relief Organizations have been helpless to stem the rising tide of distress.

"The children of the poor in the Berlin schools, who had been getting wholesome free meals, now are given only a roll and cocoa.

"However, as in other cities, Berlin runs about forty soup kitchens, besides distributing cheap clothes to the poor."

WHEN an English correspondent of the London *Economist* discovered the panicky situation in talks with people here and there in Germany on a recent visit, he began to try to find out just what the Germans fear.

They fear, he tells us, an almost automatic political revolution when the economic pressure which the Government is putting on individuals becomes at last intolerable. The Government, he advises us, is taking Draconian measures to keep the public economy and the public finances of Germany sound. But, he adds:

"These measures are all taken at the private individual's expense.

"The fear is that, at the sharp touch of next winter, the individual may be goaded into political revolt against the personal economic sacrifices that are being demanded of him by the State.

"Which do they fear more: the National Socialists or the Communists? The Germans to whom I talked—and almost all of them belong to the moderate middle parties between the two violent extremes—did not seem to regard the distinction as very important. 'The young men will overthrow the present régime as Nazis and then reign in its stead as Communists,' was a frequent reply.

"What is in a name? The reality is that, in the present state of Germany, and of the world, the young men of all classes in Germany are in a revolutionary frame of mind, which threatens, by next winter, to express itself in action unless the situation changes in the meantime.

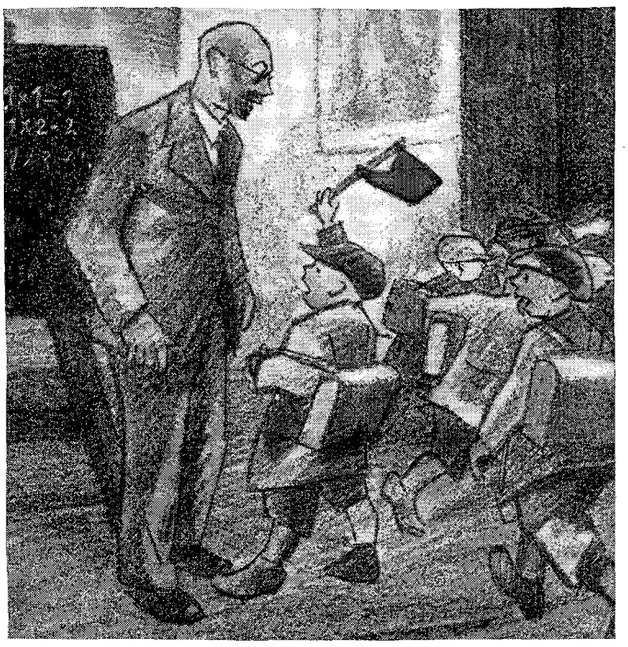
"My German informants did, however, distinguish very clearly between the disinherited and exasperated young men of this class and that.

"The higher the class, the greater the technical qualifications, the deeper the disillusionment. And, accordingly, that majority of people in Germany—and I believe it is still a majority—which dreads revolution is particularly afraid of the *Akademiker*, the young men who have been through the universities to qualify as doctors and lawyers and engineers, and who find themselves stranded as an unemployed intellectual proletariat.

"These, one hears, will be the spear-head of the revolution—as Hitlerites to-day, as Communists to-morrow, but as revolutionaries day in and day out.

"They are revolutionaries not because they believe that this revolutionary program or that will bring them salvation (for that matter, all these programs are remarkably vague), but because they are frustrated and disillusioned in their own individual lives.

"The spur that goads them is emotional and irrational. 'Life has misused us! We will hit back at life wherever we



A Communist School Strike in Germany

"Down with the capitalists! Long live the world revolution!" —"Simplicissimus" (Munich).

can see a target; hit back at the Government, the capitalists, the Jews, the foreigners! No matter, so long as we strike a blow. We can not make our own position worse, and by some miracle we may make it better. At least we shall enjoy the satisfaction of relieving our feelings! At the worst we shall perish out of a world which has given us nothing to live and work for!'"

THIS is the rising note of revolutionary despair in Germany, it is asserted, but through its strident tones, one can also hear, altho faintly, another note which sings, not of the vindictive destruction of this world, "but of a retreat from this world to another."

Even in Hitlerism this informant finds something of "asceticism, renunciation, spirituality."

In fact, after all the dread of revolution he sensed in his contact with the Germans, this English correspondent believes that:

"There is now on foot something like a religious movement in Germany.

"The strength of this movement can not be exprest in statistics. Perhaps it can be gaged by the strength of the regard for Dr. Bruening, the man of the hour, who is also a man of religion.

"If Dr. Bruening has so far succeeded, without precipitating a revolution, in obtaining from his countrymen one material sacrifice after another, it is because his countrymen know that the Chancellor's personal life is austere and unself-seeking.

"Dr. Bruening may fall, as many heroes have fallen, in venturing upon superhuman tasks. But the spirit which he symbolizes—'three-quarters saint and one-quarter Prussian'—will assuredly survive in Germany, even if the waters of revolution are destined, next winter, to go over her soul."

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Bethlen's Iron Grip on Hungary

AFTER TEN YEARS as head of the Hungarian Government, the Kingdom without a King, Count Stephen Bethlen's star is still in the ascendent.

It was no surprize, relate Budapest press dispatches, that on June 28 returns showed that the Government of Count Bethlen had won a new mandate from the voters.

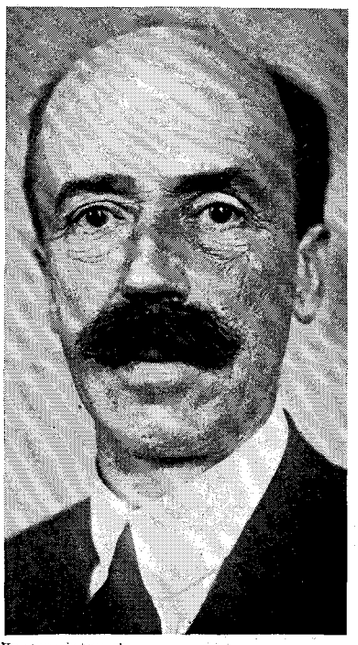
For all that, some Hungarian newspapers, looking backward over the ten Bethlen years, declare that the mystery which surrounds the Prime Minister is as thick as the tobacco smoke that usually fills his office.

He possesses the secret of unalterable success, it is said, and this secret, various editors aver, consists in the open ballot and in "ruthless control of electoral propaganda by the authorities."

Count Bethlen is a doer, not a talker, admit certain opposition newspapers such as the Budapest *Magyar Hirlap*, but his habitual silence is "sinister and Machiavellian."

Other Budapest journals, for example *Az Est* and the *Budapesti Hirlap*, agree, as if under compulsion of fact, that whenever the Bethlen Cabinet seems on the point of being overthrown, Count Stephen emerges more puissant than before.

At the same time most Budapest editors appreciate Bethlen's achievements in the past ten years, during which he has succeeded in bringing unity out of the chaos into which Hungary had been thrown by defeat in the World War.



Keystone photograph

Hungary's Iron Man

Premier Count Stephen Bethlen, after ten years of control in Hungary, remains "one of the most enigmatic personalities of Continental politics."

King Charles, it is recalled, abdicated on November 13, 1918, and, as we read in the Statesman's Year Book, on November 16 of the same year Hungary was proclaimed an independent republic (Hungarian People's Republic), of which Count Michael Karolyi became Provisional President. The Karolyi régime lasted until March 21, 1919, when its place was taken by a Soviet Government, which proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat, and we are also reminded that:

"An opposition Government was, however, soon set up at Arad and Szeged which with the assistance of the Roumanian Army swept away the Soviet Government, and on August 7, 1919, a National Government was again in the Capital.

"Elections were held on the basis of universal suffrage in January and February, 1920, and the new Parliament considered the period of the revolutions of 1918 and 1919 as *de jure* a blank space of time, and resolved that the old monarchical constitution should be continued."

HUNGARY was thus considered "a monarchy with a vacant throne," the functions of the monarch being exercised, as at present, by the Regent, Admiral Horthy.

In 1921 Hungary was considered the "most isolated" and the most helpless kingdom on the European chess-board.

Because he brought health back to his nation, Count Bethlen's admirers hold up his record of success exultantly. Loyal Hungarian opinion, as summarized in the Paris *Je Suis Partout* by a Hungarian, Akos Tolnay, presents itself thus:

"One after another every European country has undergone frequent and dangerous crises during these past ten years.

"But in Hungary the Bethlen Cabinet has maintained its unshakable power.

"A diplomat and a shrewd politician in one, Count Bethlen has never ceased to be, during the past decade, the target for an incessant crossfire of public curiosity, both at home and abroad.

"Despite his European reputation, however, the Prime Minister of Hungary remains incontestably one of the most enigmatic personalities of Continental politics.

"His walled-in character has become in a sense proverbial in his own country."

If we may believe some Hungarian journalists, Count Bethlen is a man who makes enemies easily and keeps them for life.

Yet even these enemies, Mr. Tolnay points out, can not deny him indefatigable energy and authority, qualities of which he has given generous proof. Akos Tolnay goes on to say:

"How much longer can Count Bethlen maintain his control over the destinies of the Hungarian nation?

"No one can say. The enigmatic President of the Council takes good care to conceal his game, and Hungarian opinion has had many opportunities to realize the futility of making any prophecies on this point."

"Emancipated" Little Bolsheviks

ONE YOUNG COMMUNIST IN RUSSIA demanded the execution of his own father for obstructing the working of the Five-Year plan, says a Moscow report; and one group of Young Pioneers (the Communist children's organization) after another passed resolutions calling upon the Ogpu (the Soviet secret police) to shoot all *saboteurs*.

Such have been the results, says the Moscow correspondent of the London *Observer*, of "inducting" children from an early age into the tenets of class hatred and class war."

These cases, writes this correspondent, are admitted by Karl Radek—perhaps the outstanding individual Soviet journalist—who in a recent article admits that the traditional authority of parents and teachers has broken down in Soviet Russia. The *Observer* correspondent thus summarizes Karl Radek's remarks:

"In the case of parents, children are taught from an early age to look down rather condescendingly on their parents as politically backward, if the latter are religious or out of sympathy with the present régime.

"When the parents are Communists this aspect does not arise; but Communist parents, as Radek observes, are often so much absorbed in their manifold duties that they have little time to win the confidence and close friendship of their children.

"Moreover, to quote Radek: Children know that now there are very many cases of divorce between parents; and the family in their eyes has ceased to be a firm base for their future.

"Equally pronounced has been the breakdown of the old authority of teachers. Children know that the highest authority in the country is the Communist party.

"They also know that few teachers, especially of the older generation, are admitted to the party; and this tends to cultivate an atmosphere of distrust, mingled with contempt, on the part of the child who wears the red necktie of the Young Pioneers (the Communist children's organization) toward the non-party teacher.

"Radek believes that a solution for the problem of self-discipline among Soviet children is to be found only in strengthening the authority of the Pioneer troop. The emancipated present-day children, who have little respect for parents or teachers, will, he believes, be profoundly affected by the collective judgments and decisions of their comrades in the Pioneer troop, which will foreshadow the disciplinary influence which many collective bodies (the Union of Communist Youth, the Communist party, the trade-unions) exert over the adult population."

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A Great Woman-Pioneer of the Stage

SARAH SIDDONS, THEY SAY, used to stab a potato with a fork as tho wielding a sword.

She frightened the waiter by booming, "You bring me water, boy; I asked for beer."

She terrified the man behind the counter by asking, of the calico she was buying, "Will it wash?"

She was glorified by Sir Joshua Reynolds as the Tragic Muse.

Her death occurred one hundred years ago June 8, and all England, notably London, Hereford, and Bath, has been celebrating her memory.

It was the grand style that marked the theater of her age, and much of the legend that has grown up around her personality is in the same vein. "She was the very antithesis of the fashionable actresses of this day, with their laughing lips and coquettish eyes," remarks E. A. Baughan in *The Daily Chronicle* (London), "but how pleasant it would be to hear every word clearly spoken."

Gainsborough Saw Siddons in This Guise

As an actress she articulated every syllable—"That alone should damn her on a stage where conversation proceeds like the clatter of cups at a pleasant afternoon tea."

LONG notices in the London papers recall the glories of Siddons's career. Yet, while none of them wishes for the return of the pomp of the so-called "Siddons tradition," there are yearnings for a revival of her virtues.

S. R. Littlewood in *The Morning Post* (London) writes of her as the great woman-pioneer of the stage:

"My own feeling is that we must be very careful before we connect Siddons altogether with a fashion of art which she undoubtedly vitalized and glorified. I believe that the greatness of Siddons lay in something very much deeper and more permanent than the manner travestied in that immortal line, 'You bring me water, boy; I asked for beer.'

"I believe it lay in a passionate sincerity—coupled with every advantage of voice, features, figure, temperament, and training—a sincerity which would have just as sure an effect now as it had in her own day.

"I find, for example, that my old Uncle Crabb [Robinson] was hardly ever moved by any rhetorical parade on her part. Nearly always he seizes upon intimate flashes of expression, often in dumb show.

"He first saw her as the jewel-tempted wife in that deservedly forgotten old drama 'Fatal Curiosity.' He found himself giving an instinctive shout of excitement at the mere 'anticipation of murder in her tone and look.' Another memory which haunted him was when, as *Margaret of Anjou*, she 'staggered off the stage,' after having stabbed the *Earl of Warwick*, 'as if drunk with delight, every limb showing the tumult of passion.' Much the same effect was, one remembers, that of her famous entry as *Volumnia* in 'Coriolanus.'

"He saw her late in her career as *Mrs. Beverley* in 'The Gamester.' Her voice had 'lost its brilliance' then, but 'her smile was enchantingly beautiful.' Of her *Queen Catherine* in 'Henry VIII,' he chiefly notes the realism of her silent miming in the death-scene, which was 'represented with such faithfulness as to go almost beyond the bounds of beautiful imitation.'

"Each time it was some poignant moment of intensely human appeal, some touch of fine imagining, or some revelation of her own passionately sympathetic personality, that preserved in one, at any rate, of her contemporaries a 'boundless admiration for that marvelous woman.'

"When one compares this view of Siddons with all the cast-iron falsities that have grown round her, it is difficult not to feel that the more one forgets the ornate shell of her art and remembers the Mrs. Siddons of recorded truth the better."

COMPARING her with the present, Mr. Littlewood proceeds:

"I look upon her not so much as the representative of a past age and an outworn mode, but as the great woman-pioneer of the stage. There were good English actresses before her—even in her own walk of tragedy. Mary Saunderson and Mrs. Pritchard had both their claim, and those wonderful boy-women of the pre-Restoration stage must not be forgotten.

"But Siddons was the first English actress to 'fill the stage' herself—to win the attention and sympathy of the world for all that is noble in womanhood—the faithful heroine (distrest but never, with her, simpering or contemptible), the wife, the queen, the mother, the woman with power 'to warn, to comfort, and command.'

"She was not the last, but the first, of a dynasty of great actresses. Rachel followed, whom my Uncle Crabb saw but did not think approached Siddons. Bernhardt, Duse, and Ellen Terry, for all their differences, have been in the succession.

"Just now we are looking round rather in vain for a great feminine temperament on the stage. Perhaps the screen will provide it. But it will not arrive—and there less than anywhere—by any attempt to bring the 'grand style' back again."

MRS. SIDDONS had much to contend with before she reached her great eminence. Her first appearance at Drury Lane, on December 29, 1775, as *Portia* ended in failure, as a notice the following day in *The Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser* (London) shows:

"Last night a young lady made her first appearance at a London theater in Drury Lane in the character of *Portia* in the 'Merchant of Venice.' The most accomplished actress can display little other ability in this part than a correct elocution and a knowledge of the author.

"The lady of last night being thus circumstanced, it is impossible to pronounce what the nature and extent of her powers may enable her to execute when placed in a situation that calls them forth. But, from the specimen she gave, there is not room to expect anything except mediocrity. Her figure and face, tho agreeable, have nothing striking; her voice (that great requisite of all public speakers) is far from being favorable to her progress as an actress. It is feared that she possesses a monotony not to be got rid of; there is also a vulgarity in her tones."

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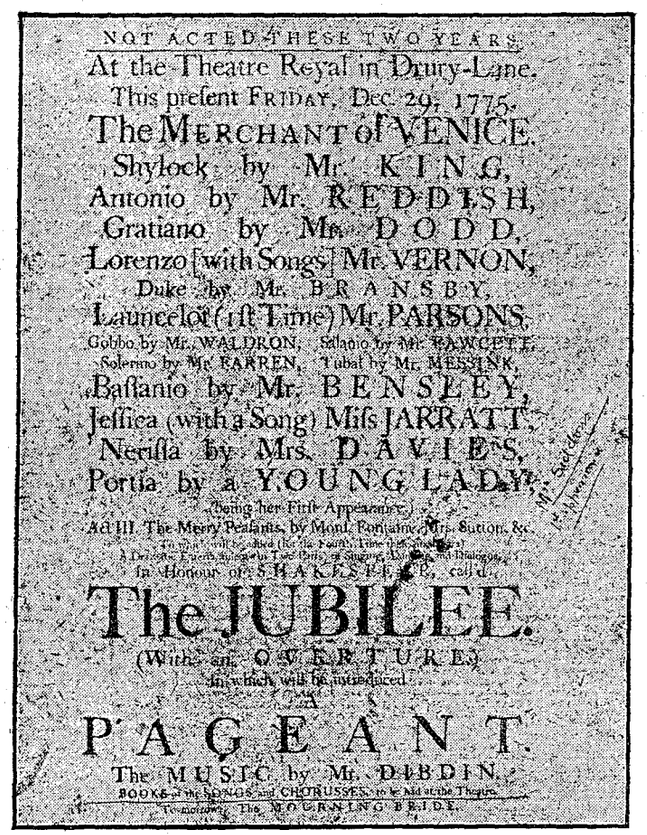
Is Hollywood So Bad?

NOT EVERYBODY WITH A RADIO set was likely to be at home when George Arliss recently gave his defense of Hollywood.

Hollywood must be in the position of the person who thinks, "Say what you like about me, but don't ignore me."

Still, to carry on after all the abuse and ridicule that have been heaped upon it argues not only vitality but some, at least, of the soundness that Mr. Arliss sees there.

The kind of person "that never fails to irritate" Mr. Arliss is the "superior person" who "raises the eyebrows, smiles



NOT ACTED THESE TWO YEARS.
At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.
This present FRIDAY, Dec. 29, 1775.
The MERCHANT of VENICE.
Shylock, by Mr. KING,
Antonio by Mr. REDDISH,
Gratiano by Mr. DODD,
Lorenzo [with Songs] Mr. VERNON,
Duke by Mr. BRANSBY,
Launcelot (1st Time) Mr. PARSONS,
Gobbo by Mr. WALDRON, Salanio by Mr. BAWCETT,
Solerno by Mr. FARREN, Tubal by Mr. MESSINK,
Baſſanio by Mr. BENSLEY,
Jeſſica (with a Song) Miſs JARRATT,
Neriſſa by Mrs. DAVIES,
Portia by a YOUNG LADY,
(being her Firſt Appearance)
Act III. The Merry Peaſants, by Mond. Portiano, Mrs. Sutton, &c.
In Honour of SHAKESPEARE, call'd,
The JUBILEE.
(With an OVERTURE
in which will be introduced
A
PAGEANT.
The MUSIC by Mr. DIBDIN.
BOOKS of the SONGS and CHORUSSES to be had at the Theatre.
To-morrow, The MORNING BRIDE.

When Siddons First Played London

A reproduction of a rare playbill upon which she had not even a name.

tolerantly, and seems to say, 'Of course, you and I are very superior people, but aren't other people terrible?'"

Mr. Arliss would seem to have a sufficient weapon against the irritation through his quizzical side glance aided by his glittering single eyeglass.

But he is a very polite person, and he makes a clean breast of the question about Hollywood in his radio talk that the press has reported:

"When any one leans toward me with sorrowful eyes and murmurs, 'But, Mr. Arliss, you don't really like Hollywood, do you?' I know that I am in the presence of a superior person; and when I answer, 'Yes, I do,' I know that I have dropt a mile in estimation, and have fallen with a sickening thud.

"Why?

"What is the meaning of all this raising of eyebrows and shrugging of shoulders when Hollywood is mentioned? What is the matter with Hollywood? Is it the place? Is it the people, or is it the pictures?

"My contention is that, if the picture business were in the hands of ignoramuses, motion-pictures would have ceased to exist long ago. It is useless to argue that all the brains are in Wall Street. It is the box-office results that influence Wall Street, and for these results the pictures alone are responsible.

"There are 30,000 actors and actresses in Hollywood, and every one of them is potential copy for the newspapers. To keep out of print you not only have to be respectable but lucky. And as for plays, ten plays have to be turned out each week to meet the demand of the public, and playwriting is the most subtle art and rarest gift of any branch of literature . . . the marvel is that the level of bad pictures is not lower than it is. . . .

"I wish some honest person would come to Hollywood and write about it; somebody who hasn't anything to sell or who doesn't want to find a job for a daughter or a niece. In short, somebody who hasn't an ax to grind—so that the public shall no longer be fed on imaginary evils, but shall be told the real truth about Hollywood."

THIS is presenting some telling facts which are frequently lost sight of; but, in speaking of them, Mr. Arliss, as the New York *Times* comments, "runs into a wall of prejudice when he tries to set us right," for—

"There are many players, playwrights, novelists, and artists who have fled from California with a sheaf of notes soon used in holding the movie center up to ridicule. Its morals and manners, its slipshod business methods, its lack of intelligence and taste have been so completely described by returned visitors that one New York playwright was able to make a fortune out of a Hollywood drama without ever having set foot in the place. The East is convinced of the truth of this picture."

The Times represents New York as having made up its mind, let whoever say what he will:

"Figures of the movie industry are not very helpful in changing our view. We know already that it is one of the largest in the country, and that close to nine-tenths of all the pictures in the world are made in Hollywood. 'Is it reasonable to suppose that such a trade can be made and maintained by a lot of brainless idiots?' inquires Mr. Arliss.

"His listeners in Quincy and Altoona may oblige with a courteous negative, but New York is likely to respond with laughter and a loud 'Yes.' An ignoramus without taste, good manners, an inquiring intelligence or a college education, but with a gift for making money, is not an unknown quantity in New York. It is not enough to know that the industry is doing well in a business way.

"When Mr. Arliss points to the quiet, respectable lives of his friends in Hollywood, we are more likely to be convinced.

"Thirty thousand actors and actresses are not all misbehaving and getting their names in the papers because of scandals. Sometimes we imagine that they would all like to make the front page on any pretext, but we know, not only from Mr. Arliss but from Louise Closser Hale and other players who write as fluently as they act, that making pictures is hard work.

"The hours are long. Minds have to be alert and bodies have to be fit.

"If Mr. Arliss had been speaking to New York only, he might have pointed out that this city has a highly colored reputation too, but of course the quiet, hardworking New Yorkers know that visitors, and especially people who would like to visit us, are mistaken.

"Mr. Arliss wishes 'some honest person' would visit Hollywood and write about it. If such an individual ever does, he will have to consider the sedate inhabitants, but he can not safely overlook the flashing temperaments and unconventional morals—not if he wants a paying lot of readers."

The Cover

THE library loses some of its sobriety when adorned by a bunch of brilliant flowers, as the cover attests.

The painter of this glowing piece is Nell Walker Warner, an outstanding artist among the Los Angeles group.

The Biltmore Salon furnishes this note:

"Mrs. Warner is one of the younger painters, but critics have said of her work: 'The artistry and technique she employs in faithfully reproducing these delightful subjects has placed Mrs. Warner in a position where she has been acclaimed as the foremost painter of flowers of the West.' Mrs. Warner has a broad, confident handling that makes her work attractive in design and color. She succeeds in recreating that living fragility that is the essence of flower beauty. Her flower panels have a peculiar way of lighting up a room and letting in air and sunshine."

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Roses in Literature

June was not over,
Though past the full,
And the best of her roses
Had yet to blow
When a man I know
(But shall not discover
Since ears are dull
And time discloses)
Turned him and said with a man's true air
Half sighing a smile in a yawn as 'twere—
If I tire of your June will she greatly care?

THUS BROWNING BEGINS one of his somewhat cryptic, but humorous, discussions of women and roses.

June roses have gone for this year, but their fragrance can not have been forgotten, and, inspired by the gift to him of a new variety, the "Nomad" of the Boston *Transcript* casts his eyes back over the literature of roses and brings out some interesting facts.

Naturally, he begins with Shakespeare:

"This rose brings to the Nomad's mind the question that he has often asked himself. What were the roses like that Shakespeare so much loved, and of which he wrote so often and with such intense admiration? Were they single or double? Were they of various tints, or only white or red?

"Shakespeare wrote of 'the crimson rose,' of 'the red rose on triumphant brier'; and in the first part of 'Henry VI,' where the War of the Roses figures, he writes of roses both white and red, and even of 'painting the white rose red'; but the Nomad finds no reference in his works to a yellow or a pink rose, and nowhere is there anything like a description of a rose otherwise than that contained in mention of the color, red or white, or in the frequent references to the fragrance of the flower.

"But in 'Winter's Tale' Shakespeare speaks of the damask rose, and, if the Nomad is not mistaken, the damask rose is deep pink. And what were the 'Provencial Roses,' spoken of in 'Hamlet'? It belongs to *Hamlet's* 'insanity,' and may belong to some article of wear.

"Not much is to be inferred regarding Shakespeare's roses from those now blooming in Anne Hathaway's garden, or in Henley Street, or on the New Place in Stratford, for many modern flowers and forms have crept in there."

FROM Shakespeare he turns to a more distant past and brings out a probably forgotten quality in the Romans, whom we are accustomed to regard as merely warlike:

"We know that the rose was greatly esteemed in antiquity, and there must have been much variation in the cultivated flower, as there certainly was in the wild species. The predominant color among wild roses, as old as the world, is pink. The Bible throws no light, for the references to 'the rose' in the Canonical Scriptures are not to the true rose at all, the 'rose of Sharon' being a narcissus or a lily. But there are roses which seem to be real roses in the Apocrypha.

"That the Persians were worshipers of the rose seems to be apparent from Omar's 'Rubaiyat,' and the Chinese and Japanese certainly had beautiful roses.

"Not until the Romans came, however, do we get the real rose-lovers. Their writings abound with the praise of the flower. Most famous of the roses of Roman times were those of Pæstum.

"Vergil, Propertius, Ausonius, and others extol them for their beauty and fragrance."

An Old Master Comes to Life

Miss Joan Buckmaster in a remarkably clever study of the famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons painted by Gainsborough. She took part in the new Chronicle play, "Sarah Siddons, the greatest of the Kembles," produced at Hereford as part of the Siddons Centenary celebrations.

Ten Best Plays of the Season

A "VOLUNTEER ORACLE," Burns Mantle calls himself, because he issues a yearly volume containing the ten best plays.

As a forewarning of his volume we have his list in the New York *Daily News*.

Admitting that the season has been a "dolorous" one, and that even the number of plays produced has fallen from an average 240 of several past seasons to fewer than 200 in this, he yet finds his ten, even if none are as "universally satisfying" as "The Green Pastures," or as "satisfying a sentimental fantasy" as "Berkeley Square."

But, he continues, "following that argument I could as truthfully say that last season also failed to reveal as satisfying a historical drama as this season's 'Elizabeth the Queen,' or as apt a satire on an American theme as 'Once in a Lifetime.'"

Here then are the ten best for 1930-31:

"'Elizabeth the Queen,' by Maxwell Anderson; 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow,' by Philip Barry; 'Once in a Lifetime,' by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman; 'Green Grow the Lilacs,' by Lynn Riggs; 'Alison's House,' by Susan Glaspell; 'As Husbands Go,' by Rachel Crothers; 'Five-Star Final,' by Louis Weitzenkorn; 'Overture,' by William Bolitho; 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' by Rudolph Besier; 'Grand Hotel,' by Vicki Baum.

"They are not put down arbitrarily in the order of their excellence, so far as my judgment is concerned. I have named the seven plays of American authorship first as I think they should be named in, say, a year-book of American drama.

"I have included William Bolitho's 'Overture,' tho it was not a popular success, because I consider it an important contribution to the season's output and a thoughtful, well-written drama.

"Maxwell Anderson's 'Elizabeth the Queen' was the single outstanding success of the Theater Guild's season. It was helped mightily by the performances of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, but it was quite sufficiently sound as drama, historical or otherwise, to stand on its own.

"Philip Barry's 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow' is still running, having lived through considerable competition and one or two changes in cast.

"This play, to me, represents as fine and straightforward a job of playwriting as any I have recently enjoyed. There is no waste in it, either in line or character.

"The Hart-Kaufman 'Once in a Lifetime' is the devastating satire that holds Hollywood and the movie magnates up to such savage but amusing ridicule that even its most obvious targets are its most enthusiastic indorsers.

"'Green Grow the Lilacs' is Lynn Riggs's poetic adaptation of folk drama dealing with an unfurrowed section of the American scene. It is interesting in discovery, informative in recital, bold and free in humor.

"While Miss Glaspell's 'Alison's House' owes its inclusion in part to its having been chosen as the Pulitzer Prize winner of the year, it, too, is wholesome, sound American drama.

"'As Husbands Go' is the best, I think, of the lighter American domestic comedies of the year. In it Rachel Crothers, with skill and shrewd observation, follows the homecoming of two romantic ladies of Dubuque after they had found themselves in Paris in love with romance and a couple of supergigolos.

"Louis Weitzenkorn's 'Five-Star Final' is a bitter and prejudiced arraignment of the cheaper tabloids and of all so-called yellow journalism in America. I have included it as representing an interesting example of crusading drama."

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Can Charity Cope With the Wolf at the Door?

HUNGER KNOWS NO LAW.

And every crum of charity, we are solemnly warned, will be needed if thousands of cupboards shall not be bare this winter and if a serious situation is to be prevented.

It may even be necessary to pinch the national belt.

So, taking time by the forelock, the National Association of Community Chests is to engage in a nation-wide campaign to raise $90,000,000 for unemployment relief—a sum, it is suggested, far below the need.

As announced at the recent conference of the association, at Minneapolis, by Fred C. Croxton, acting chairman of President Hoover's emergency committee for employment, the campaign will be conducted simultaneously in the fall in cities having populations of 25,000 or more. In the 244 cities having community chests, the community councils will carry on the work, and in the remaining 132 the association will set up emergency financing organizations.

"The President's committee," says Mr. Croxton, "realizes that the demand for relief will be unusually heavy next fall and winter."

Other contributory measures of relief are suggested—public works, unemployment insurance, and doles by national taxation.

As for objection to the dole system, it is pointed out that the public tills have already been tapped. And the hungry man doesn't care who provides the bacon. Moreover, if effort is not made to alleviate the present crisis and to prevent others, goes out the warning, the several million wage-earners now facing penury will make themselves felt through legislative enactment.

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A Host of Social Ills

Says C. M. Bookman, president of the National Conference of Social Workers, will follow on the present unemployment situation.

ALL this as social workers peer over the summer horizon.

"Thousands will be loaded down with debts," C. M. Bookman warned delegates to the National Conference of Social Workers, at Minneapolis, as he is quoted in the Minneapolis *Star*. "Hundreds will never again feel the security of economic independence; for years to come society will be paying the present unemployment bill in impaired health, broken morale, increased delinquency and crime, broken homes, and a host of social ills."

The executive director of the Community Chest in Cincinnati, afterward elected president of the conference, said that he was not criticizing social work, that it is doing its task in "a big way." But that best he believes to be totally inadequate to cope with the social consequences of unemployment periods. As he sees it:

"When business organizations are seriously searching for a way to control business cycles; when government agencies are daily conscious of new responsibilities; when thousands of those out of work with weakened morale are demanding the right to labor for their daily bread; when we have jobless days, financial loss, and the ancient paradox of plenty on the one hand and dire want on the other—then something constructive must emerge."

The temper of some of the discussion at the conference may be gaged by the fact that President Hoover and Congress were criticized by many, we read in the Minneapolis *Journal*, for what was termed their "picayunish efforts to end unemployment." Several others demanded immediate action by Congress and industrial leaders for solution of the unemployment problem, predicting dire results if a solution is not soon forthcoming.

"We have been watching with heart-burning and indignation the disintegration of families, the demoralization of men, women, and children because of the ruthless anarchy of our economic system," said James Mullenbach of Chicago, chairman of the Commission on Church and Industry of the Chicago Church Federation, and professor of social sciences at the Chicago Theological Seminary.

"The situation is so fraught with disaster for our people," he said, as *The Journal* quotes him, "that it approaches the catastrophe of a world war. Why should not the Administration treat it as such? If war were upon us, there would be an appeal, and not in vain, for energetic and immediate governmental intercession." He prophesied that "seven million idle men are not going to starve to death without protest."

PRIVATE charity has not been able to cope with the situation for more than a year, contended Jacob Billikopf, executive director of the Federation of Jewish Charities in Philadelphia.

Terming public or private charity the "real dole," and arguing for unemployment insurance, he cited that—

"In New York and Philadelphia, the emergency employment committee for unemployment relief spent $12,000,000. This sum was collected within a few months, and then an appeal was made to the city fathers for help.

"Obviously such charity is ineffective, in that it is inadequate and uncertain. It seems impossible that any country which properly values individual self-help and self-respect can, for a long period, be content with such protection against the frightful hazards of industry.

"If all the industries were on the same basis as the Chicago Unemployment Insurance Fund, paying 4½ to 5 per cent. of the total wage bill, one year's reserve for all industries would amount to $1,500,000,000. If this provision had been made, there would have been $1,500,000,000 to spend in this depression.

"How much sounder this would be for industry, and how much better for the people in need."

A LIKE appeal for unemployment insurance was made, we read, by John B. Andrews, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, who declaimed against the "American dole system" as not only inadequate but demoralizing:

"It degrades the worker who, with savings exhausted after months of forced idleness, must appeal for charity; it is also depressing to public and business morale, and offers no incentive to industry to stabilize employment.

"Such a condition must no longer be tolerated in America. Business has learned to set aside reserves out of which dividends may be paid to stockholders when capital is idle. Public welfare now demands that similar reserves be set aside to pay a proportion of wages to involuntarily unemployed labor."

In common with other speakers, Prof. John A. Lapp, head of the department of social sciences at Marquette University, urged that the Government start an immediate huge program

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Divided on Tennessee's "Monkey Statute"

Representatives Robert M. Murray and W. Y. Boswell, reading from left to right, asked for repeal of the law forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution in State-supported schools, and the other two, Representatives Robert P. Brown and "Uncle Billy" Matthews, declared for the Biblical account of creation and helped defeat the bill for repeal.

of public works. "Government employment as the stabilizer of our economic system," he said, "is our only hope."

A broadside against President Hoover's dictum that "we can not legislate ourselves out of world-wide depression" was delivered by Father John A. Ryan, director of the department of social action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and his stricture, we read in *The Journal*, was greeted with applause.

Denying that an alibi for American depression can be found abroad, and asserting that "an enormous program of public works, a reduction in working hours, and the institution of higher wages would have brought us out of depression months ago," Father Ryan paid his respects to the Administration in bitter words.

"Our industrial leaders and public officials, especially the President and Congress," he said, "are guilty of almost criminal negligence for failing to adopt this program months ago."

Even Wall Street hears a warning voice. "Our experience last winter," writes Thomas F. Woodlock in *The Wall Street Journal*, "has made it fairly clear that, notwithstanding the generous response of private persons to appeals for funds, the need is too great to be satisfied by the voluntary contributions of individuals." Whatever we do for the future, he says, "it is the present need that is imperious."

This former member of the Interstate Commerce Commission believes "it will be necessary to have recourse to public funds, that is, to the taxes, city, county, State or Federal, as the case may be—to what extent is not, of course, at present clear, but assuredly to a considerable extent." Business leaders, Mr. Woodlock advises, should seriously consider the matter of "reserves for unemployment," recognizing the fact "that, whether they like it or not, modern conditions of industry will force adoption on a national scale of some method of providing such reserves. It will not do to label all schemes of this sort with question-begging tags and dismiss them without further thought."

That private charity will provide a specific is doubted by the Washington *News*, which recites that last winter and spring private charity furnished "only 25 per cent. of the funds distributed, and that municipal and State treasuries supplied the remaining three-quarters."

Wealthy individuals can give the $90,000,000 planned, if they will, says *The News:*

"The unemployed can be fed if those who have bread will give them crums. If those crums are not given by the rich willingly the crums probably will be taken by tax-collectors.

"When the seriousness of the relief emergency is understood by the wealthy, the reported Hoover plan to raise an adequate private fund should succeed."

Tennessee Sticks to Genesis

"I'M GETTING TIRED OF HAVING PEOPLE of other States refer to Tennessee as the State with the monkey statute," said Representative Robert M. Murray in support of his repeal bill.

Then "Uncle Billy" Matthews, oldest member of the House, up and said that "if the doctrine of evolution is right, our Bible is wrong."

"I don't know whether man evoluted from a monkey or not," exclaimed Representative Robert P. Brown, speaking against repeal:

"I believe that God created the universe and that He made man. The law has nothing to do with your religion or belief. If you want to believe that you descended from a monkey, it is all right with me. Or you may continue to believe that God created us in His infinite wisdom.

"This law is slumbering peacefully on our statute books and will never do any harm to a single individual in this house.

"It is not as important to worry about how you came here as what is going to become of you hereafter."

Rising to favor repeal, W. Y. Boswell declared that the evolution statute "has done more to injure the good name of the State and more to indict the intelligence of Tennessee than any bill that was ever passed."

But the Tennessee House of Representatives stood fast by its "monkey statute," reports the Associated Press, which gives us a bit of the debate preceding defeat of the repeal bill by a vote of 58 to 14. The theory of evolution may not be taught in any Tennessee schools wholly or partly supported by State funds.

"Tennessee," comments the Chattanooga *Times* bitterly, "stands before the world to-day as a State confirmed in the ignorance, narrow-mindedness, and head-binding disposition in which the anti-evolution law was conceived and passed."

Other leading Tennessee papers are silent on the subject. The Literary Digest asked several for their editorial views, but only the Chattanooga paper responded with published editorial comment.

Anne Rankin of the staff of the Knoxville *Journal* writes a personal letter saying that *The Journal* "takes the part of the Fundamentalists in their stand against the teaching of evolution in State-supported schools, and makes no comment on the vote in the Legislature defeating a motion for the anti-evolution bill's repeal, thinking things better left as they are, without further stirring up of strife."

However, she encloses an editorial "written by a member of the editorial staff on the leading paper of one of Tennessee's larger small towns, but rejected by the paper's management as

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contrary to the faith of the paper's readers." This editorial, she writes, "stands for the other side—mostly inarticulate as far as newspapers in the State go, but by no means a small minority."

This rejected editorial states that "it goes without saying that this anti-evolution bill is a wholly un-American collusion of Church and State, and the more amazing that it not only does violence to countless good citizens who are not Christians, but does not even represent the whole Church, yet would force the opinions of a part over the whole."

It will be recalled that the anti-evolution law came into the pitiless glare of publicity when John T. Scopes, a young teacher in Dayton, Tenn., was convicted in 1925 of violating the statute. He was defended by Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone, while William Jennings Bryan went to the aid of the Fundamentalists in upholding the statute. The case was appealed, and the Tennessee Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the law. Soon after the trial Mr. Bryan became ill and died suddenly in Dayton.

The sobriquet, the "monkey State," will remain, says the Savannah *News*, so long as the law remains on Tennessee's statute books. And "in discussions inside Tennessee there will be a feeling of chagrin on the part of sensible persons that the law exists."

REPEAL of the law, points out the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "would have made it legal to teach in the State-supported schools and colleges of Tennessee the theories of evolutionary biology entertained at Harvard, Oxford, Goettingen, Upsala, Padua, and the Sorbonne." As it is, "only such accounts of the creation of man and the world remain legal in the State-supported curricula as can be harmonized with Genesis."

But this liberal Southern exponent does not believe that the anti-evolution law will be forever embedded in the Tennessee code, since—

"Too many forces are at work to make the position which this law seeks to intrench tenable.

"Soon it will be beyond the power of any civilized State to hold.

"Probably never again will there be another Scopes trial, with a secular government solemnly engaged in the business of proving unlawful a teaching and text accepted by the universal world of science—with a mighty political leader, wearing the armor of the Fundamentalist Church, arguing resolutely that he is a divine creation and not a mammal, and insisting that all theories tending to undermine this view were forbidden by the laws of Tennessee to be taught in the State-supported schools, the promulgators of it lawbreakers and corrupters of youth."

"POOR Tennessee!" sighs the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. "When will the forces of mental revolution succeed in taking the citadel strengthened a few years ago by the crusading Bryan?"

Going deeper into Dixie, we find the Dallas *Morning News* saying that the Volunteer State "will be an object lesson to the rest of the South, showing what not to do."

Labeling its editorial "In Darkest Tennessee," the Troy *Record* recites that "lending legislative backing to religious tenets is an old and sad tale":

"Ever has popular religion watched popular education with jaundiced eyes.

"The pressure of religious prejudices upon learning in America is one of the most alarming forces with which education must contend.

"Perhaps such things as this in Tennessee may be traced to religious prejudice. The thought of a rival creed is unpleasant to a bigot. Perhaps it is merely that Tennessee's citizens are ignorant of education's true purpose.

"But not until Tennesseans learn that a theory, at best, is but a speculation; that evolution is a far nobler and inspiring interpretation of God's handiwork than is Genesis and has nothing to do with monkeys or the damnation of men's souls; and that education is not the substitution of new creeds for old, will the light of truth and freedom begin to illumine darkest Tennessee."

"Extry! Extry!—"

MORE AND BETTER CRIME NEWS.

That is the rather startling demand of a member of the New York State Crime Commission and of the New York City Commission on Crime Prevention—Thomas S. Rice.

But it is not for the mere pleasure and excitement of reading stories of murder, banditry, and racketeering that Mr. Rice urges the press to print more crime news. It is because he believes it would be an effective aid in reducing crime.

"Every determined effort to reduce crime in the United States or other countries in modern times," he writes in *The Panel*, bulletin of the Association of Grand Jurors of New York County, "has originated, has been sustained, and has been carried to more or less successful conclusion by the playing up of crime news systematically and persistently in newspapers and periodicals."

Mr. Rice roundly scores those "theorists and sentimentalists" who would "minimize crime news," and calls for "more and better crime news, particularly in the newspapers of Greater New York."

In full agreement with this contention, the New York *World-Telegram* makes the point that crime news should be considered in its two aspects:

"1. Its undoubted, absorbing, perfectly legitimate interest to normal human beings as the true account of temptations, passions, and impulses that beset other human beings.

"2. Its power to shock a menaced public into concerted action against crime and against social and economic conditions that can be shown to breed crime."

To try to deny the first of these aspects would be silly, we are told:

"Murder has thrilled and horrified—but also deeply interested—mankind ever since Cain killed Abel.

"If interest in crime is immoral then three-fourths of the world's literature and at least half its conversation are immoral. The vast majority of human beings can read volumes about crime and talk for hours about crime without becoming in the least criminal.

"For the small percentage who are persuaded to crime by suggestion, the conditions under which they live are usually far more to blame than what they read.

"Crime news, then, merely as matter of intense and legitimate public interest is news that editors can not suppress or minimize if they pretend to be editing newspapers.

"Revolting and grewsome detail, deliberate pandering to morbid tastes and instincts, they can avoid. Self-respecting newspapers find little difficulty in applying ordinary standards of decency in editing their crime news without sacrificing either interest or quantity.

"But it is not the moral duty of a careful newspaper to consider the possible effect of printable crime facts upon the exceptional weak or perverted mind."

COMING to the second aspect, *The World-Telegram* asks whether any factor in reducing crime is more important than crime news. And here the newspapers can do much:

"They can marshal facts and figures into impressive aggregates.

"They can show how and why crime goes undetected and unpunished.

"They can dwell upon an actual criminal case and point out just where it reveals the injustice of social conditions, the weakness of the law or the incompetence of the police.

"They can debunk crime of its 'heroics,' show what a cowardly rat the bold bandit becomes the moment the gun is in somebody else's hand, follow the criminal through to the grim end where the excitement and the 'romance' are all gone and only a cringing wretch remains to testify that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

"Exaggeration of crime news, morbid overemphasis of crime news, disgusting exploitation of crime news are undoubted risks of printing crime news at all.

"But these risks are nothing to the risk of suppressing or even minimizing crime news."

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Ask the man who owns one

To you who appreciate luxurious transportation Packard extends a cordial invitation to examine its remarkable New Series cars. You should do more than merely admire their beauty in the showroom. Inspect them critically. Drive them yourself. Ride in them as a passenger. For the new Packards are *entirely* new—new in everything save straight-eight motor principle and the characteristic "Packard" appearance. ¶ Never before has Packard offered new models with so many new features and important improvements. Body lines are refined and modernized. Interiors are newly insulated against sound and temperature—more luxuriously upholstered. Wheelbases are longer—tread wider. Power is greater, smoother. Transmission is Packard-built, four-speed, synchro-mesh. And outstanding among all improvements are the dash-controlled, adjustable hydraulic shock absorbers affording *Ride Control*—an exclusive feature. ¶ The new Packards are more beautiful, more distinguished than ever—and you will find them to be the easiest driving, most comfortable riding cars that you have ever known.

PACKARD

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE mystery of dawn which the lengthening hours dispel is finely realized in *The Commonweal* (New York):

BIRD

BY FRANCES M. FROST

The dawn came wan, the dawn grew gold,
The light poured downward in the early cold.
The cedars, dreaming against the sky,
Leaned over water; and the small cool cry
Of crystal groped for rock and sand,
While the sky dripped blue on lake and land.
The sun rose up, a flower of gold:
The hills were petaled, fold on fold,
With flame. And suddenly morning stirred—
Morning was shattered by a hidden bird!

The song blew east, the song blew west,
The song blew wild in the listening breast!
While morning woke to beauty and pain,
The song was a breath of silver rain,
A blossom of sun, and wings up-hurled
Over the known and lovely world!
The song was the pointed shadow of leaf
On the turning earth, and hint of grief,
A shoulder of wind, and a star above
A dawn-dark hill, and an answer to love.

Silence came. The sun grew tall;
The dim woods watched the petals fall,
And wind went searching each hidden way
For a lost bird caught to the heart of day!

TWO poems, the first in *The New Yorker*, and the second in the New York *American*, show us how easily modern life, in spite of how the poets sing of it, can dispense with love:

REFLECTION

BY SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

Remembering words
We had together
Concerning chance
And woe and weather,

Concerning pathways
Lately lost
And seas uncharted
Or uncrossed,

Concerning moods
And motorcars,
Anemones
And shooting stars,

I have discovered
Two can chat
An hour or more
Of this and that

And part assured
And comforted
For having left love
Well unsaid.

REWRITTEN—1931

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And then he rode away—"
And so she played some contract, and
Went out to see a play.
She wandered to a night club where
She had a little dance;
She found a little roulette wheel,
And took a little chance.

Oh, in the gallant yesteryear
She would have pined and cried—
She would have wondered where he was,
She would, perhaps, have died!
She would have made an altar for
Her single, fragile flame . . .
Today he kissed and rode away—
And she forgot his name!

IN *Poetry of To-day* (London) is a delicious self-portrait of Nell Gwynn, the English actress, of whom Charles II's dying words were, "Don't let poor Nelly starve":

NELL GWYNN SPEAKS

BY ADELE MARIE BATRE

A better jest in Charles's Court
Than any wit could utter
Was that Nell Gwynn should queen it there,
The young girl from the gutter.

That I who knew not Hampton Court
From the Bishopric of Ely,
An Orange girl should take her place
With the Magdalens of Lely.

I never yet did plague myself
With matters far above me,
Enough he was my lord the King
And that the King should love me.

There was a King in Holy Writ
That my King Charles was much like,
King Solomon with all his wives
And concubines and such-like.

A common man should heed the law
If so his conscience teases,
The King may rule by right divine
And govern as he pleases.

From lands across the sea they came,
The women chosen for him—
They came to do their master's will,
Pretending to adore him.

'Twas hard to tell the sheep from goats
When Lady Mauds and Charlottes
With mincing step made haste to join
Our sisterhood of harlots.

I knew them all from rank to file,
From battleship to galley,
It did not take me long to learn
The court was like the alley.

One thing I never could abide,
That Portsmouth minx should school him,
It only meant that France's guile
And France's pride should rule him.

She put on black with France's court,
I was no wench for scorning,
But it was plain to any eye
Her sins might call for mourning.

I would that I had known him first,
I was to brawls no stranger,
I would have climbed the Royal Oak
And loved to share his danger.

Though I had been a penitent
The saints would ne'er enthrone me,
But I was an English actress
And the stage will not disown me.

'Tis God's own truth, and ne'er gainsaid,
To ill I never moved him,
My name was last upon his lips,
The English girl who loved him.

THE possibility of mankind being able perpetually to rejuvenate the body and achieve a much longer life leads the humorist of the London *Morning Post* into a more serious vein:

THE LONGER LIFE

BY TOUCHSTONE

O! man, who wouldst prolong thy little day
And keep grim death, the tyrant, still at bay,
Think not to cheat the wielder of the scythe
By any strange, rejuvenating ray.

What though our ingenuity may give
Some new extension of the life we live?
It needs not Einstein's genius to perceive
That length of days is purely relative.

The gay ephemeron amidst the flowers
May, by our reckoning, count its life by hours;
Yet it may live a hundred crowded years
Ere eventide writes "finis" to its powers.

And we, could we increase our present span
By some strange process yet unknown to man,
Would surely find the common lot too brief
And end no better off than we began.

Though to existence we might haply cling
While yet it should remain a pleasant thing,
When nature's debt no more could be denied
Would death, howe'er postponed, have lost its sting?

Nay, as it is to-day it still must be.
'Tis only in our childish years that we,
Whatever marvels science may disclose,
Knowing not death, know immortality.

TWO reflections on city streets in the New York *Evening Post:*

HOW TO LIVE

BY WILFRED J. FUNK

Plan your living, so and thus:
Be a bit meticulous:

Never, never falsify:
Have a purpose: always try

To determine the precise
Definition of the nice:

Have a mission: be intense:
Calculate the difference

To a final decimal
Of all good and evil . . well . .

Yellow Cab . . a pretty hit . .
Whoop! . . . And there's the end of it!

SPRING SONG

BY ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

I'm a fool, and well I know it,
To be walking stony streets,
When a dusty road is curving
Round a budding hill that meets
Cool spring sky with such a line
As is carved of new green grass,
When the winds of April stir them
Into movement as they pass.
I'm a fool, and well I know it;
And beside me, to their shame,
Walk ten thousand others like me—
Deaf and dumb and blind and lame!

THERE are not a few who will probably need this admonition in *The Herald Tribune* (New York):

LINES TO A PRACTICAL MAN

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

You who have tossed the sun aside and quenched
The rainbow in the darkness of your mind,
Whose ears are deaf to winds, whose thoughts are clenched
Like rivets to the turmoil and the grind—
You can not shut your heart forevermore
Against the siege of laurel from a hill;
A sparrow's note will batter down your door
In that last hour when all but thought grows still.

Then shall the lilac's breath come back to hover
Over the deepening twilight in your brain,
The moon return like a rejected lover.
The creatures of the heart your hands have slain
Shall find a tongue, and from the darkening sky
Forgotten stars will stab you like a cry.

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ισχυροτερον..! That's how the Greek motorist expresses his enthusiasm for Mobiloil's ability to *stand up*. Whatever the road, the country or climate, Mobiloil *stands up*. That's why Mobiloil is the world's leading oil.

. . *in Athens, Greece, or Athens, Georgia*

It grins at speed . . it laughs at miles

Hard going in "second" scares some oils. High speed scares other oils.

But Mobiloil *likes* it when the going is rough. Mobiloil grins at speed when the going is smooth. Drive as you like—where you like—any country, any climate, any road—Mobiloil will always stand up.

The ability of Mobiloil to stand up is made, not found. Its makers have not relied alone on the pick of the world's finest crudes. Mobiloil's ability to stand up starts with the famous Vacuum Process. Each step in making Mobiloil adds something important to Mobiloil's remarkable ability to stand up.

Remarkable ability to stand up has made Mobiloil the largest-selling quality oil in the world. Last year, every day—over two hundred motorists bought Mobiloil every minute. Because day after day—mile after mile—Mobiloil stands up in their engines.

No matter where you live, Mobiloil is easy to get. Mobiloil is carried by more dealers than any other oil. Look for the familiar Mobiloil curb sign in your town today. Drive in and ask for Mobiloil by name. There's a copy of the famous Mobiloil Chart there. It shows the recommended grade of Mobiloil for *your* car.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 31 associated N. B. C. stations.

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because it is Made . . not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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NATURALLY... INCESSANT SMOKERS* SAY...

KEEP "MOUTH-HAPPY"

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CIGARETTES

20 FOR 30¢ IN U. S. 20 FOR 35¢ CANADA

*Our recent survey among America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers proved Spud to be the cigarette of the heaviest smokers. Hundreds of Spud smokers average 3 packs a day. These incessant smokers came to Spuds, because Spuds kept their mouths and throats continually moist-cool, and *always comfortably clean!* . . The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

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The Secret of Sleep

WE SPEND A THIRD OF OUR LIVES in bed, but few of us know how to plan intelligently for that third.

And yet we can no more live without sleep than without food. Many of us weigh ourselves daily and worry about calories, while we let our sleeping hours take care of themselves.

And many of us suffer from insomnia in consequence.

In *Hygeia* (Chicago), Prof. Donald A. Laird, of Colgate University, with whose interesting experiments on sleep and sleeping many readers are familiar, tells how to sleep well, with maximum amount of refreshment. Writes Professor Laird:

"Rip Van Winkle's long sleep record, which was a myth, is excelled by each of us who lives to a fairly ripe old age. Truth is again stranger than fiction, for by the time we are sixty years old we have spent twenty years in the arms of Morpheus.

"What we do and what we are during the other two-thirds depend to a large extent on how well this sleeping third is invested. Personal health as well as physical ill health is readily affected by a poor quality of sleep. There is more to sleep than just going to bed for a stated number of hours; what we get out of sleep depends on how we sleep as well as how long we sleep.

"We sleep in parts. Our eyes may be dulled, but our brain may still be active.

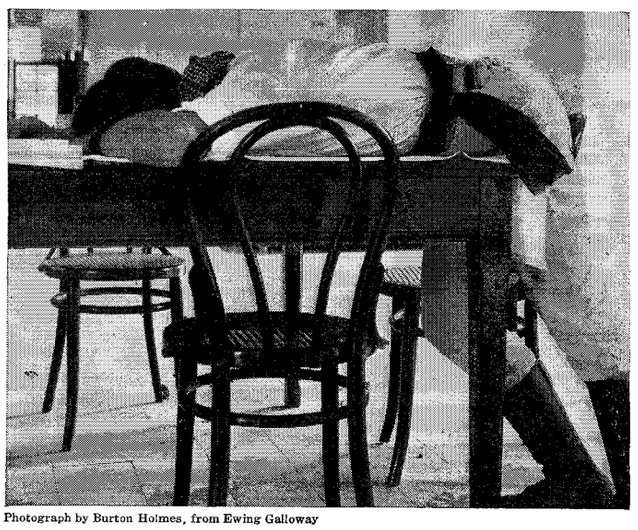
"We may be unconscious, yet walk twenty miles in our sleep; we may dream bizarre dreams, or we may make discoveries and inventions with the same mental machinery while asleep.

"We may have frightful dreams that put us in a bad humor for the following day, or we may have dreams that help to start the next day right.

"Our minds do some of their best work while we sleep; not always, of course, because we do not always give careful attention to having the conditions favorable. The musical score of Mozart's 'Magic Flute' was conceived almost in its entirety during sleep. Julia Ward Howe composed the words for 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' in her sleep. Geometrical theorems and chemical formulas can be completely solved during sleep.

"Problems can be solved while we sleep, but we have to start the wheels going before we go to sleep. The so-called subconscious mental activities must be started deliberately with two aims in view: first, to assure a night of restful and undisturbed sleep; and, second, to work on the unsolved problems or tasks of the day left behind as well as of the day to come.

"When it is difficult to calm down emotionally, as following



Photograph by Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

His Motion Is Laid on the Table

Not a victim of a saloon shooting—our friend is taking a midday siesta, in Kompon Thom, Indo-China.

an exciting evening or day, a fifteen-minute tub bath with the water close to 97 Fahrenheit will produce wonders.

"A bedroom that has a preponderance of blue and green in its furnishings is calming. Reds and yellows are exciting colors.

"John D. Rockefeller says, 'I do not permit myself to look at a timepiece after retiring at night.' That helps turn off the emotion generators."

PLANNED and skilful relaxation, Professor Laird says, helps calm down both emotions and the body. According to Dr. Edmund Jacobson, of the University of Chicago, the important

Photograph by de Cou, from Ewing Galloway

Slumber à la Cart

Three dock workers at Vigo, Spain, busy with their noon siesta. Can you find the third? He is there.

thing is not merely to relax but to relax more every successive minute. Usually we relax as we sleep, in parts; our arms and legs may be fairly relaxed, but our neck and face muscles will yet be under tension. Relaxation should be complete to have the most calming influence; every muscle of the body should be free from tension. Professor Laird goes on:

"Bad dreams, which bring about bad humor the following day, may be caused by residual tensions.

"Even the loss of an hour or two of sleep from one's regular amount will produce definite modifying effects on the personality. That the loss of such a small amount of sleep will cause such a noticeable difference is an indication that most of us are getting only the minimum of sleep that nature demands, or perhaps less than the minimum.

"The world's leaders are well-rested people. Attractive personalities are well-rested personalities. This was known by a certain Lady X, who set the pace for youthful vitality in London society a few decades ago, altho she was past middle age. In his memoirs, Sir Robert Lucy says, 'Among the stories told to account for her phenomenal vivacity is one to the effect that on a day each week she remained through the twenty-four hours in a bed in a darkened room shuttered from noise. Here she renewed her youth like an eagle.'

"An unhealthy personality predisposes to poor sleep, and poor sleep works no good for personality. Of primary importance for insuring proper sleep is a constructive and calm mental and emotional attitude. But before retiring we must see the light side of our troubles and we should review the pleasant experiences of the day. This easy state of mind will help to bring undisturbed sleep, altho it will not make the sleep constructive.

"To make our sleep constructive we should review in our minds near the retiring hour some of the things we want to do on the coming day, so that our so-called subconscious processes can be active on these things to be accomplished rather than with disturbing dreams. Taking our tasks to bed for solution helps the tasks and also helps sleep if we are otherwise emotionally calm. The person who keeps his mind at work on a constructive problem while he is asleep does not have disturbed sleep if his emotions are stable and if life is faced with a smile."

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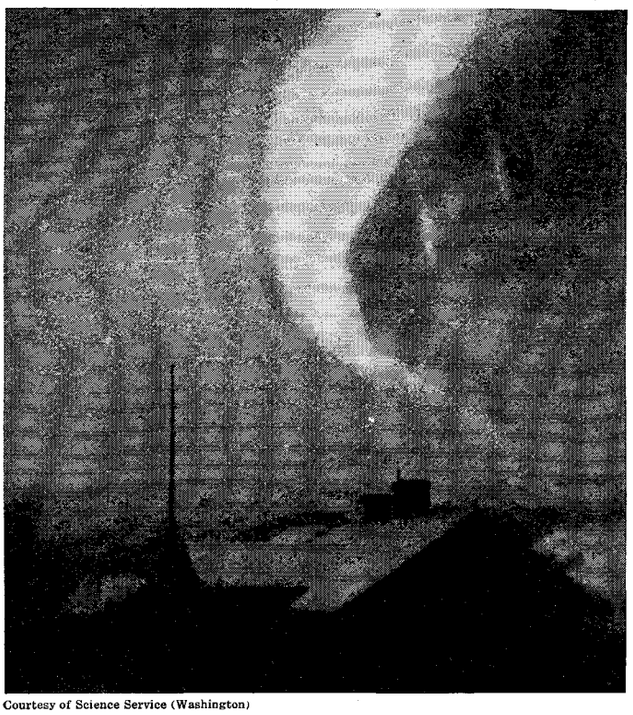
Electric Eye Folds Paper Napkins

THE NEXT TIME YOU ARE ON A PICNIC and are handed a well-folded paper napkin with your lunch, you may be using a napkin which has been inspected by the magic electric eye.

A large Mid-Western manufacturer of paper products has adopted this device as an aid in making neat folds in its paper napkins.

Says B. S. Havens, of the General Electric's News Bureau, in a recent press bulletin:

"The paper napkins are manufactured in various designs and colors. The paper is fed from rolls to machines which emboss it, fold it, and cut it. Heretofore it has been difficult to keep the paper in the correct position so the napkin would be folded in the center with the edges even and, since folding doubles any error in alinement, it took but a very slight deviation to result in napkins poorly folded and, consequently, rejected.



Courtesy of Science Service (Washington)

Brilliant Auroral Display in Norway

Caught with a camera by Prof. Carl Stormer at Oslo. Triangulation now reveals that the aurora is only 50 to 75 miles up.

"The situation was remedied by using the photoelectric relay, a device which is sensitive to changes in light intensity. This relay is set to keep a watch on the edges of the tissue paper as it runs through the machine, and by means of signal lights, warns the operators to change the position of the paper when it is not in the correct position for producing neatly folded napkins.

"The arrangement of the equipment is as follows: A lamp is fixt to shine down on the tissue paper at a point just before the machine folds and cuts the finished napkin. Immediately below the edge of the paper are placed two photoelectric tubes so arranged that a decrease of light actuates one, and an increase of light actuates the other. The one affected by decrease in light is a little to one side of the paper, so that the full amount of light normally shines on it. Thus if the paper moves away from its correct position toward that relay, the amount of light striking the tube is diminished, by being intercepted by the tissue paper. The other tube is placed a corresponding distance under the paper itself, and its normal condition is to receive light already diminished by the interception of the tissue paper. Thus, should the paper move away from the correct position in the other direction, the second relay will be actuated, because its tube receives more light than it normally should.

"Each photoelectric relay controls an indicating light visible to the machine operator, one a red light and the other green. When the operator sees the light flash on, he knows he must shift the paper back to the correct position, and the color of the light tells him which way to shift it."

Height of Aurora Measured by Photographs

THE AURORA BOREALIS, least understood of heavenly phenomena, is not so distant from the earth as we used to think.

Fifty to seventy-five miles from the ground is the height fixt for the eery flashes of light in a report made to the Royal Society of Canada, at its recent meeting, by members of the physics department of the University of Toronto.

Says *Science News Letter*, a publication of Science Service (Washington):

"Utilizing the fact that the northern lights are visible farther south in eastern Canada than anywhere else in the northern hemisphere, the physicists photographed displays last January and February. They set up two observing stations near James Bay. One was located at Blacksmith Rapids, fifty miles from Moose Factory, and the other at Coral Rapids, thirty miles farther south. The stations were connected by telephone lines, and each was provided with cameras similar to those used in aerial surveying.

"When the aurora was visible from both stations, the photographers focused their cameras on areas of the sky selected by telephone, and took simultaneous pictures. The exact times were compared by telephone and checked against a master clock. Reference points in the heavens were provided by the stars, photographed on the plates at the same time.

"When the plates were developed, the heights of shafts of light recorded at both places were calculated by the same triangulation methods used in surveying. In this case, instead of a horizontal triangle, the physicists computed a vertical triangle with one side as the line joining the observing stations.

"The results show that the auroral flashes may occasionally lie 155 miles over the earth. Less than 100 miles is the usual height, however. This result agrees with similar measurements obtained in Scandinavia."

Tobacco Diet Makes Larger Chicks

THIS UNEXPECTED RESULT IS THE OUTCOME of experiments at Pennsylvania State College, reported in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Smokers need not chuckle, for the effect of tobacco smoke taken into the throat and bronchial tubes is not the same as that of the unconsumed leaf taken into the stomach. Says *The Herald Tribune:*

"Tobacco fed to baby chickens is making them into bigger and better broilers at Pennsylvania State College.

"This same diet in the fully grown fowl makes healthier hens and roosters—and emancipates their owners from keeping close watch for fear of a parasitic infection that chickens may pick up when economically foraging for their own food.

"A high percentage of nicotin is the secret of the effectiveness of the Penn State tobacco diet. Suspecting that the harm may come from other tobacco ingredients than nicotin, Drs. J. E. Hunter and D. E. Haley, of the department of agricultural and biological chemistry, have been feeding tobacco rich in nicotin, a diet with less tobacco, but with a greater kick. Between the low and high nicotin types they are now seeking the 'level' of nicotin content at which the best results may be obtained. A wider range in effective plants may mean increased markets for tobacco farmers.

"The reason for the greater growth of baby chicks is not wholly clear. It is not necessarily ascribed to nicotin. If the cause is nicotin, then this is something new in such effects. Dr. Haley says.

"Better health may come from the killing by nicotin of round worm, a type of fowl parasite. Farmers have been forced to raise their chickens on ground free from this organism.

"There is no parallel between smoking and feeding tobacco to chickens.

"In smoking nicotin's stimulus works through the blood and the nerves. In the chicken's diet it is only a disinfectant passing through the body, but not necessarily being absorbed into the system, and not affecting the flavor of the meat and eggs."

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Pointers for Those Who Build

(5) Homes of Brick

SHALL WE BUILD OF BRICK? If our decision is affirmative, then we are using perhaps the oldest of building materials. Over many centuries its worth has been established.

For as Richard C. Collier reminds us in "Mud—Its Romantic Story": "Brick is old beyond the memory or history of civilization. No man can say when or where the first brick was rudely fashioned.

"Beyond question the first brick was of sun-baked clay. The oldest of which we have any authentic record have been unearthed in the ruins of the ancient Sumerian and Chaldean cities of Mesopotamia. Some of these are accredited with an age of almost 6,000 years."

Sun baking by primitive man gave place to burnt clay and fifty years ago hand-making was supplanted by brick machines.

Two classes of bricks are now used in house construction, common brick and face brick. Each is sponsored by two great national associations.

Common brick, as defined by the Common Brick Manufacturers' Association of America, "have a natural surface not treated to produce special effects in color or texture of the individual brick, but including 'clinker' and overburned brick."

A half-century ago all bricks were included in this classification.

"Then," again quoting Mr. Collier, "some manufacturer with a vision and an artistic temperament conceived the idea of not only heightening the color of his product artificially but also of roughening the surface to add to its attractiveness."

The resulting product was the face brick which has achieved wide favor with modern builders.

Thus as the Evansville *Courier-Journal* says:

"Selection of the most attractive color and texture of face brick for the new home is becoming as easy as selecting a new suit or a new gown. . .

"The wide range of distinctive hues in which face brick is offered starts with beautiful creams, buffs, and grays extending through pinks, reds, maroons, greens, browns, to gun-metal blacks."

INDEED, as the American Face Brick Association states: "Whether your taste is for warmth and color, or for quiet dignity, every effect that is desirable for a home may be had in face brick."

Not to be outdone in esthetic values, the common brick industry has introduced artistry into its own product. This has been achieved through variety of color tones, various forms of skintled, or irregular brick-work, the use of clinker brick, and various forms of bonds and joints.

The primary difference in color effects obtainable between face and common brick is due to the fact that, generally speaking, face brick is uniform in shade not only throughout the individual brick, but as between those of a given selection, whereas with common brick it is almost impossible to select any two which are identical in marking.

"Mortar," says the Common Brick Manufacturers' Association of America, "is the plastic mixture of two or more materials which is used to bind individual bricks together into a solid mass. Its composition, preparation, and use is as important in producing good masonry as is the quality of the brick itself."

Three kinds are commonly used: 1. Lime mortar (lime-putty, sand, water). 2. Portland cement mortar (Portland cement, sand, water). 3. Lime cement mortar (lime, Portland cement, sand, water).

The National Lime Association in its bulletin just issued, "Lime Mortar—Its Relation to Water-Tight Masonry," places emphasis upon the durability and water-tightness of lime-cement mortar. L. S. Palmer, in Technologic Paper No. 370 of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, states that the possibility of efflorescence or white scum on masonry walls is far less when lime is used in sufficient quantity to make the highest type of joint.

Mineral colorings give mortar permanent hues. As the Dayton *Herald* says:

"Both manufacturers and dealers are paying more attention to the color of the joints used in their face-brick exhibits, with the result that a wide choice of color combinations is now included in their exhibits."

HAVING decided upon the brick and mortar, the home-builder should next consider the arrangement of laying, technically termed bond.

With brick conforming to standard sizes, which are 2¼ x 3¾ x 8 for common and 2¼ x 3⅞ x 8 for face brick, there are numerous methods of laying.

The purpose of the bond is not only for appearance but as a means of holding the sections of the wall together so that structurally the inner and outer courses of brick will act as a unit in resisting loads.

Courtesy of American Face Brick Association

Brick's Distinctive Charm

Strictly speaking, there are two fundamental bonds, English and Flemish, but each is subject to numerous variations under individual designations.

As explained by Allan R. Smith in "American Building Association News":

"Running, American, English, Dutch, and Flemish are the bonds in most common use. In the first, the wall surface is made up of stretcher courses, which means that the brick are laid in the wall with the long, narrow face on the surface. The American bond modifies this, and adds strength by the use of header courses about every six rows of brick. A header course is a row of brick placed so the length extends into the wall and the end shows on the surface. The use of header courses permits attractive designs; in the English and Dutch bonds they are employed alternately with stretcher courses. The Flemish bond . . . consists of laying each course of brick in alternate headers and stretchers, the header resting upon the middle of the stretcher in successive courses."

BRICK in house construction may be used in solid or hollow walls, and also as a veneer over hollow-tile or frame construction. There are also infinite opportunities for using brick for fireplaces, mantels, inside walls, verandas, steps, and walks.

As the Albany *Times Union* points out, old frame-houses may be modernized with outside walls of brick:

"Beginning with the outside, minor changes are easily made to eliminate architectural features that are no longer in style, and a wall of face [or common] brick is built up to enclose completely the old frame. . . . The brick are fastened to the studs of the old house by means of wall ties in the mortar joints."

The low cost of brick over other building materials is often misunderstood by the home-builder. Plans, specifications, and comparative-cost figures and suggestions for brick construction are obtainable from the two Associations referred to above. Among other clay products for building material are terra-cotta, sponsored by the National Terra-Cotta Society, and structural clay tile for interior and exterior walls, flooring, roofing, etc.

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Wigwag Wireless of the Baseball World

THREE BALLS AND NO STRIKES is the count, and the pitcher "wants the catcher boiled in oil and served to the lions in the zoo for their evening meal."

And what happens?

The batter steps out of the batter's box, ostensibly to rub his hands in the near-by dirt, William E. Brandt explains in *The Baseball Magazine.*

But more is in this than meets the merely casual eye; and, lynx-eyed fans that we are, "we see him peeping down third base, as he wipes his hands on his shirt.

"We know that the third-base coach, by some movement of his hands or feet, or some position of his head or body, is giving the batter either the 'yes' or the 'no,' to hit the cripple or to stay off of it.

"The pitcher fires once more. The batter swings. The ball shoots to center. A single. The center-fielder comes rushing in.

"He scoops up the single and shoots the ball back to home plate as fast as it came away from there," Mr. Brandt tells us as he continues to describe baseball signs and signals, which he likens to Einstein's cosmic rays. They're "all around the place, working all the time, running the whole show." But the fans don't see them.

But let's get back to the game:

The third-base coach waves his arms like a Scotchman at a boarding-house dinner-table as the base-runner turns third and heads home. That arm-waving sign means, "Don't stop. Go. You ain't half running."

As the runner nears home plate, a team-mate standing near by with a bat—the next batter up, in fact—starts slapping the air with his free hand. That signal means, "Hit the dirt. The throw looks like it has you beat."

The runner slides. But the ball bounces into the catcher's mitt. The catcher plants his left shin-guard where it will do the most harm and wallops the runner in the stomach with both hands clasped tight together.

The umpire waves his right hand to high heaven.

"Out!"

Stands and bleachers, including you and I, give our tonsils a good airing.

No runs, one hit, no errors.

DOES this seem "like a lot of fuss to make about one pretty-near run in these days of home-runs and disgusted pitching staffs"? Mr. Brandt admits the possibility, but adds that "it illustrates most of the signs in use in this day and age." Reading on:

Of yore, when teams sweated and strained at one-run tactics nearly every day, when outfielders played in the same ward with home plate for nearly every batter, and when infielders needed more science than the mere ability to get out of the way of line drives, the signs were much more important.

The Athletics of 1910 and 1911 could talk to each other on the field, no matter how loud the uproar. They used the deaf-mute alphabet.

Illustration by courtesy of *The Baseball Magazine*

Connie Mack Talks to the Players

With his score-card semaphore.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth wonders of the ancient baseball world were watching Collins chatting with Barry by the five-finger lingo and wondering whether he was saying something or merely teasing the Cubs.

Those were the days of "inside baseball," before the home-run complex made some of the most important plays of every game happen outside of the ball field.

And they had their homers, too.

In the good old inside days, signs and sign-stealing decided crucial games, pennants, and World's Series. Nowadays, when a manager gives a sign ordering the third-baseman to come in close and watch for a bunt, the third-baseman is quite likely to shake him off for no other reason than that he forgot to pay his life insurance that morning.

THERE are closed signs on the diamond, and open signs. The former, Mr. Brandt explains, are "given by the catcher with his fingers." The open signs are "transmitted by word or gesture by manager, coacher, or player." And we are told further:

Virtually all the catching signs are variants of the old "one-two" system, one finger for a fast ball, two for a curve.

But all the catchers and the pitchers to-day have secret understandings. The code changes from game to game, and often from inning to inning.

The catcher can give a "switch sign," too, which at any moment in the game can change the meaning of his finger-snappings.

For instance, the pitcher will see first the catcher's fist under his glove. Then two fingers show. Then three fingers, then one finger, then three again, then two, then four.

That means a curve, for at that particular moment they are using the fifth sign in order of time. Next inning it may be the second sign.

There are special finger-signs for pitch-outs. The pitcher usually throws his slow ball and his "duster" at his own discretion, but always on the fast-ball sign. With experienced pitchers the only use of the sign from the catcher is to inform the catcher when a curve is coming. The pitcher can usually throw everything else on the fast-ball sign.

There's one prominent pitcher in the major leagues to-day who takes even broader latitude. Perhaps the sign is on for a fast ball. This pitcher, one of the smartest in baseball, incidentally, may even have the fullest intention of pitching a fast ball when he begins his delivery.

But something about the batter, some movement, some tightening, some involuntary twitch, may give this pitcher the hunch that the batter is going to take a big swing. If that happens, the pitch may turn out to be a hook, with the catcher sometimes looking foolish and the official scorer chalking down a "passed ball," when, as a matter of fact, it's the pitcher's fault.

Never mind who the pitcher is. He's a winner these many years every year, even if fifty million scorers have been wrong about the passed balls all these years.

The most frequently used "open" signs "are the hit-and-run signs," the account runs on:

Players batting next to each other in the batting order usually have private two-man signs. Nearly every batter has his own favorite hit-and-run sign, the one he thinks he can give with least fear of detection. The hit-and-run sign is usually some movement with one or both hands, tipping the peak of his cap,

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rubbing his shirt-front, running one hand up the bat and back, knocking dirt out of his spikes—some routine gesture which means nothing when other players happen to make it.

Sometimes the signs are so natural they fool the batter himself. When a man on first hauls out for second base and the batter lets the ball go by, maybe the batter has given the sign without knowing it. It happens, but not often if the manager has a heavy chin.

The signs between coacher and batter and between the bench manager and the players on the field follow the same style, the writer continues. Natural movements which that day or that inning have a meaning all their own, or else word-signs, sentences shouted from the bench as if for encouragement, but containing a word like "stay" or "life," which that day or that inning means "bunt."

To cover up the open signs, the players have to keep making a lot of other movements and noises which mean nothing. Signs thus add color and life to a game. Everybody twitches caps, hitches belts, slaps gloves, picks up pebbles, emits encouraging noises.

"Come on, now, Harvey," from a coacher may mean merely a slap on Harvey's back, or it may mean, "Put on the hit-and-run," or "Don't hit till you've two strikes."

MANY players are firmly convinced that the umpires consult each other on difficult decisions.

Here is the players' version of the case, as phrased by Mr. Brandt in *The Baseball Magazine:*

When an umpire hesitates on a decision, the players believe he is waiting to "get the office" from a brother ump. But nowadays, the umpires give their rulings so nearly instantaneous with the play that it seems reasonable to line up on their side of the argument, viz., umpires don't have signs.

The late Wild Bill Donovan's favorite Tim Hurst story was to the effect that, one afternoon way back there, with two strikes on the batter, Schmidt gave Donovan the pitch-out sign.

Since there was nobody on base, Donovan shook off his catcher. Schmidt gave it again. Donovan pointed to all the bases, one at a time. Schmidt gave it again. Donovan called a conference. The famous battery met half-way between box and plate.

"This fellow's been cussin' Tim," explained Schmidt, "and Tim just warned him that the next one is goin' to be a strike, wherever it is."

So Donovan went back to work. He pitched-out to the batter, and Tim Hurst said, "Strike three," probably kicking the batter on the shins a few seconds later.

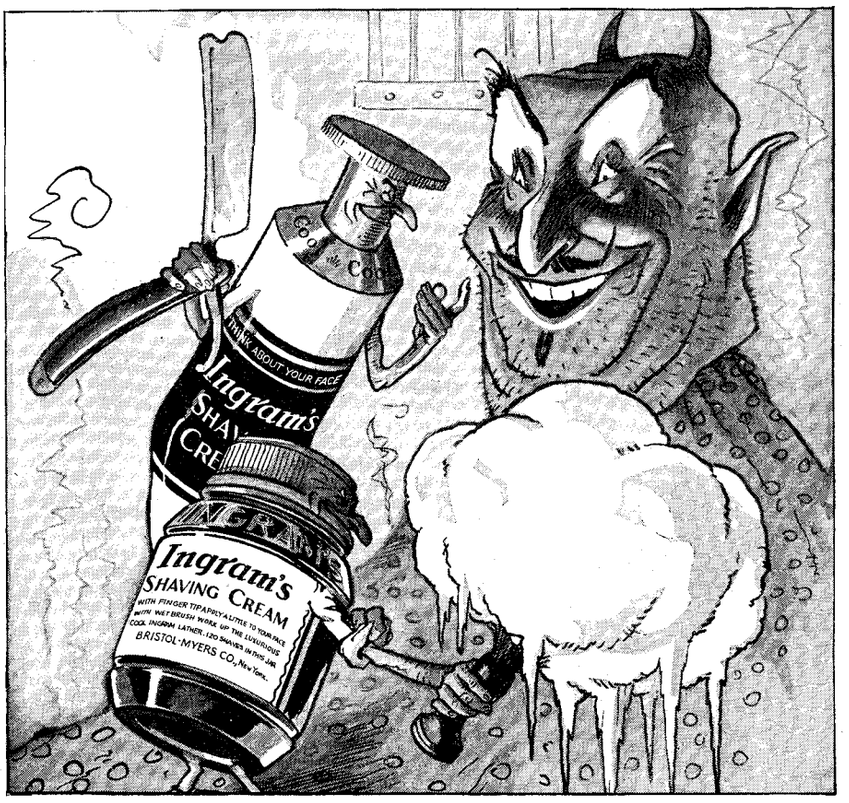
The old A's with their deaf-mute code, and Connie Mack, with his wiggly score-card, used to be considered the last word in signal play.

John McGraw, in the great years from 1921 to 1924, inclusive, was credited with pitching every ball and swinging almost every bat.

His signs to the pitcher came from the bench, but not directly from John himself. Some player not in the game, sometimes with a seat half a dozen places from Mac, would be the switchboard man.

When the manager called for a curve, for instance, the play would be from McGraw to his bench-signaler to the catcher to the pitcher.

Even way down here
The 2 INGRAM barbers
[JERRY JAR OR TERRY TUBE]
hand out Clean, Cool shaves!



"IN warm temperatures like this," said the Duke of Hades in an unpaid-for testimonial, "there's nothing like a little coolness on the cheek! And that's why I patronize the 2 Ingram barbers!

"For Ingram's soothes away the old sizzle from the chin with a shave that's

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

"It delights my dukely jowls, it takes the sting out of my hellish razor-blades, and it leaves me as comfortable as you can expect in the circumstances. I'm for Ingram's till my dukedom freezes."

* * *

How right His Majesty is! Ingram's *is* cool! It's cool because it's got things in it that make it cool . . . three special ingredients that soothe and tone the skin *while you shave.*

With Ingram's, you don't need face tonics and after-shaving lotions. This smooth, cool blessing to your face combines the effects of all three.

No matter whether you pick the jar or tube! Each is the same—full of the finest, coolest stuff ever invented!

Get behind a brushful of Ingram's, and forget your fears of razor damage. No nasty nicks or burning stings with Ingram's!

It's unique. There's nothing like it on earth (or anywhere else). And if you're a skeptic send us the coupon below. We'll bet 10 Free Shaves—10 gloriously *cool* shaves—that you'll like it! That's a safe bet for us, but it will pay you to take it—so send the coupon!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. F-71,
110 Washington Street,
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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

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WHERE TO BUY IT

The Dollars and Cents of Floodlight Sport

MIRACLES are being worked in sport —and literally overnight. Miracles such as these—

A Southwestern country club had put a lot of its members' hard-earned cash in fine new tennis courts that hardly anybody used. But suddenly, from being what looked like just another bad investment, these courts turned into one of the club's most popular features. Tennis players stood in line waiting to use them, and revenue poured in, we learn from Sol Metzger in *The Elks Magazine*.

Another country club, this one in the Middle West, with an expensive and excellent golf course, had much the same experience.

Last year's slump hit the baseball industry just as it hit a lot of other industries. One club in a minor league was drawing attendance of only 500 a day, but suddenly its average per game went up to 5,000.

At an important university in the East, football officials noted a decreasing attendance at important games. And here, too, the miracle occurred. Student attendance at games doubled, and non-student attendance was multiplied by three.

How was it done? Mr. Metzger explains thus in his article in *The Elks Magazine:*

> The diamond, the gridiron, the courts, and the links were floodlighted; and, as a result, fans and amateur players who had been chained to jobs during the day were able to watch or to participate in their favorite sports during the free hours of evening.

A NUMBER of times in the past year or so, we have talked about the transfer of daytime sports to the night-time. Baseball and football have occupied us chiefly, but this tendency goes even farther. Golf courses and tennis courts are being floodlighted, and even night track-meets have been found practicable.

Previous discussions, however, have centered on what night sport looks like, and what players and spectators think of it. But now Mr. Metzger sits down with us and, as indicated in the already cited cases, talks dollars, cents, and attendance.

For example, here is definite information on the financial side of night baseball:

> Last summer, the owners of the Johnstown club, in the Middle Atlantic League, spent $18,000 to install lighting equipment for night games during the second half of the split season, and approximately $16 a night for electricity to operate them.
>
> Attendance at the afternoon games, played exclusively theretofore, had averaged 460. The night games averaged 1,073.
>
> A championship series of four games brought a total of some 22,000 paid admissions—approximately $5,500 per game.
>
> On August 18, Johnstown and Fairmont played a night game before 1,820 fans. Yet the following day when Johnstown met Clarksburg, the league leader, in an afternoon game, the event drew only 243 spectators.

Apparently, those statistics proved eloquent. This season, Middle Atlantic League fans may root at night games in the ball parks of Cumberland, Maryland; Charleroi, Pennsylvania; and Wheeling and Fairmont, West Virginia.

The Three-I League learned a similar lesson, last summer, when the Decatur, Illinois, ball park broke all records for season's attendance after installing, comparatively late in the season, a lighting system for post-sunset games.

Buffalo, of the International League, drew ten times its average number of afternoon spectators to night contests.

Indianapolis, in the American Association, brought its totals from bear-market lows to a 5,000 average by the same method.

In all those leagues, various other clubs have now, figuratively and literally, seen the light, and either have made or are making provisions for night games.

ALTHO there are many who will dispute the claim, the Des Moines team, in the Western League, is often credited with starting the night baseball movement. And through the enterprise of Drake University, Des Moines was also early on the lighted football field. Says Mr. Metzger of night football:

> It had been played before at night, in one or two places, but Drake was the first college to advance the idea from an experiment to a policy.
>
> Three seasons ago, the team staged the first game of its fall schedule under artificial lights. Results were astounding. Attendance was approximately 350 per cent. greater than at the opening game of the preceding season.
>
> Temple University, in Philadelphia, after striving for a number of years, with excellent teams, for a place in the football sun, has established itself in a prominent one under the arc-lights.
>
> Last season it played many night games, and student attendance alone mounted from a 2,200 to a 4,800 average. In one such game, which I attended, approximately 34,000 spectators filed through the gates. The largest attendance at afternoon games of the preceding season had been 10,000.

NOCTURNAL golf, "over a regular course, as distinguished from the midget game played on small city lots," this account continues, "has proved practical in several communities." And we read on:

> It is frequently played by moonlight in Death Valley, and, three years ago, Fairley Clark, professional at the Savannah Municipal Links, played an 18-hole exhibition round under somewhat similar conditions on a course which has a par of 70. Clark shot a 68, but in this case the lunar illumination was aided by flashlights and large lanterns.
>
> That, however, wasn't golf by floodlight. It remained for the Eastwood Hills Country Club, of Kansas City, Missouri, to put the latter idea into actual practise.
>
> Late last August, the club lighted up nine holes and won immediate approval from the many members who played them after nightfall.

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Our Baseball Empire Splits in Two

"OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Except in the world series.

Perhaps our metaphors are a little bit mixed, but we can't help quoting Kipling's famous line, in connection with some observations made by Joe Vila in the New York *Sun* on the pennant race in the big leagues.

The season is still young enough for an upset, but it seems to Mr. Vila that the American League race is between the Athletics, the Senators, and the Yankees. And this leads him to point out the regularity with which Eastern teams lead this league, and the seeming supremacy of the Nationals in the West.

Since the Cleveland Indians, managed by Tris Speaker, "captured the world championship, in 1920, all of ten American League pennants have been won by Eastern teams," Mr. Vila tells us as he continues:

It was in 1921, with the late Miller Huggins at the helm, that the Yankees, reinforced by Babe Ruth and other expensive stars, brought the first American League flag to New York. The Clevelands, still under Speaker, finished second, with the Browns, third; Senators, fourth; Red Sox, fifth; Detroit, sixth; White Sox, seventh; and Connie Mack's Athletics in the cellar.

The Yankees repeated in 1922 and 1923.

For the first time in major-league history, Washington copped the bunting in 1924, with the Yankees second, followed by Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Boston, and Chicago. The Athletics, by that time, had started to climb up-hill, and in 1925, when the Senators repeated, Connie Mack's team wound up in second position.

Huggins performed a baseball miracle by converting a seventh-place team into the winner of the American League championship in 1926. Repeating in 1927, the Yankees left the Athletics, Washingtons, Tigers, White Sox, Indians, Browns, and Red Sox behind them, in the order named.

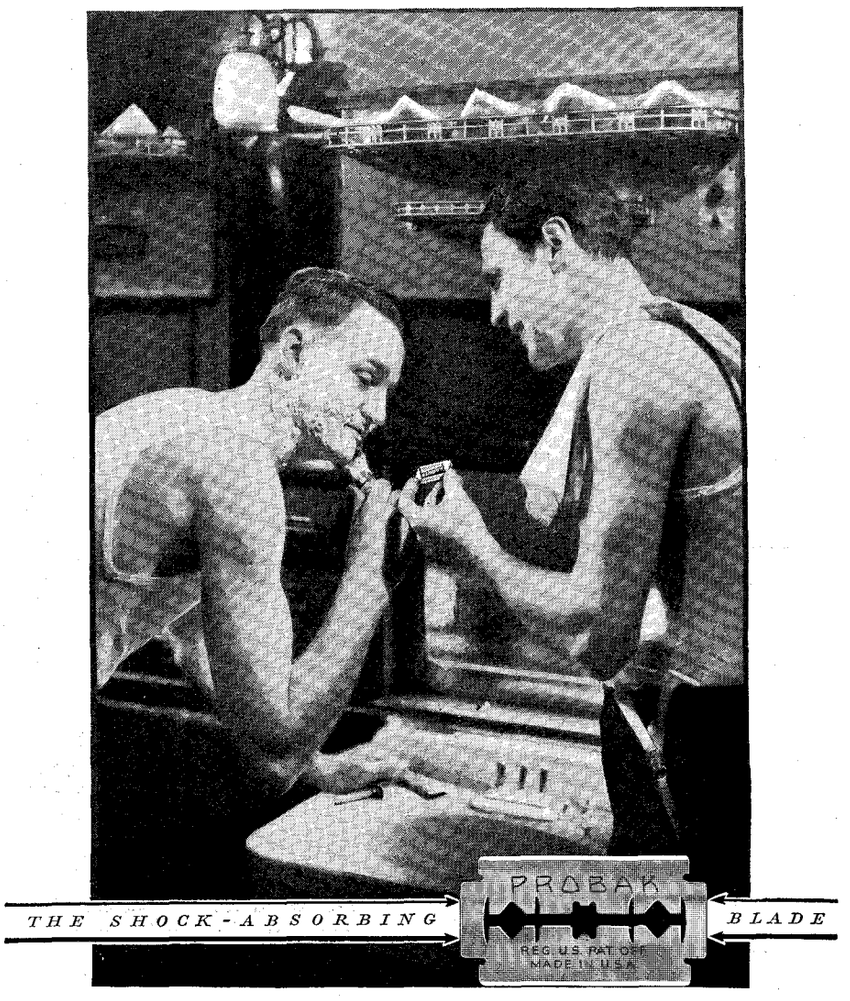
Victorious for the third consecutive time, in 1928, the Yankees had to fight hard to stall off the Athletics, who beat the Browns out of second place, with the Senators fourth, and the others trailing.

The Athletics won their first American League banner since 1914 and outplayed the Cubs in the 1929 world series. The Yankees took the runner-up position after Huggins had passed away, and the other first-division berths went to Cleveland and St. Louis.

Last year, the finish was Philadelphia, Washington, and New York, with Cleveland fourth, and so far that order still has been maintained, with the Athletics and Senators considered, at this time, more formidable than the Yankees.

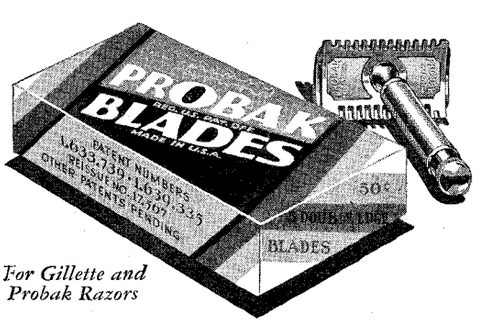
SINCE the Giants won four National League pennants in 1921, 1922, 1923, and 1924, the East has been blotted out of the National League end of the world series. Reading on:

The Pirates were pennant winners in 1925 and 1927, the Cardinals in 1926, 1928, and 1930, and the Cubs in 1929. Can the Giants put an end to Western supremacy?



"Here try a blade that's real"

MEN discovered that Probak was a vastly superior blade—told their friends—broadcast the news. Shavers passed these sensational double-edge, double-service blades around—and Probak won world-wide popularity in little more than a year. Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture make Probak a marvel of shaving comfort. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel positively prevents edge distortion by dispersing bending strain. Probak is guaranteed. You get far better shaves or your dealer refunds your money—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



For Gillette and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES

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"IT *Tones up* the whole System"

—says this noted Hospital Head

DR. VON ROTHE examines X-ray showing how yeast keeps intestines active, clean.

"FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE RUN-DOWN as a result of constipation, I prescribe fresh yeast."

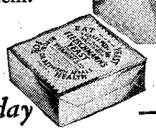
The speaker is one of Europe's most eminent physicians . . . Dr. Alexander von Rothe, director of the great Wilmersdorfer Hospital, in Berlin. He adds:

"My clinical experience has proven that fresh yeast has a healthful effect on the whole digestive and intestinal process . . . Thus, the entire system is regenerated and tremendously strengthened in its resistance to disease."

If you feel below par . . . headachy . . . tired . . . correct that sluggish condition of your intestines that's making you feel the way you do. Just eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. Directions are on the label.

Celebrated clinic head says:—Professor Dr. Mueller-Deham, of the Versorgungshaus, noted Vienna hospital, states: "Fresh yeast is a food—of very special nature. It keeps intestines free of poisons . . . improves digestion . . . clears the skin."

"I HAD LOST my energy," *writes* James M. Frees, *of Philadelphia.* "My face broke out . . . I was losing weight. Then I tried yeast . . . In a month I had my old pep back. It's fine for toning up the system."

Eat 3 cakes a day  *—regularly!*

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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More News of the Great Golf-Ball War

"A DOLLAR goes farther now than a year ago," says an editorial.

"Not if it buys a golf ball," *Life* replies sassily.

In other words, just another skirmish in the duffers' war on the new golf ball—the hated 1.68—1.55.

Sentiment against the new or balloon golf ball, says Francis J. Powers in a Consolidated Press dispatch, "appears to be increasing rapidly. Referendums held by newspapers in various golf centers indicate that the larger and lighter ball has very few friends, most of them in hiding, and is nothing short of a pestilence."

Several weeks ago we discust the new golf ball and its seeming unpopularity, but at that time, all we had to pass on to our readers was opinion. Now we have facts. Such facts as returns in newspaper polls and the results of a foursome at the Royal Pines course, in New Jersey, where both the new ball and the old 1.62—1.62 were used.

A corps of statisticians kept careful tally of each shot in this foursome, which, Harry D. Nash tells us in the New York *Evening Post*, featured Wiffy Cox, North-South and Massachusetts open champion; George Voigt; "Wild Bill" Mehlhorn, holder of the world record for seventy-two holes of medal-play competition, and Phil Perkins, Long Island amateur titlist. Reading on:

Cox paired with Voigt against Mehlhorn and Perkins. "Wild Bill" is the professional at Royal Pines, and ought to know every inch of that layout. But the Cox-Voigt pair won the match, 5 and 4, scoring the greater part of their advantage while using the new ball.

As the match started, Wiffy and Voigt were employing the old ball, legislated out of existence January 1. Mehlhorn and Perkins played with the balloon. On the inward holes, this proceeding was reversed.

The scores were incidental. Voigt carded a 70, two under par, while the three others scored 73's.

Measured with a steel tape, the drives were all in favor of the old pellet, altho Mehlhorn, supposed to be one of the longest hitters in golf, had a better advantage with the new ball.

With the 1.62—or old ball—"Wild Bill" averaged 241 yards from the tee. Perkins whaled the pellet for a 233-yard average, with Cox getting 222 and Voigt 213. Voigt's average with this ball was reduced considerably when he missed a drive. The old ball gave Perkins a wide margin of superiority from the tee. Phil's average was 253 yards, as against 239 for Mehlhorn, 233 for Cox, and 226 for Voigt.

With the shortest drive, Voigt still was able to underscore the others by three shots. But George was in his element at Royal Pines. Here he found what are perhaps the finest putting surfaces in the country. These creeping bent greens are as smooth as velvet. Put Voigt on that kind of green and he goes hog-wild. The figures prove it.

Having had an opportunity to use both the new and old ball on a single round, the players all agreed they found little difference in them. This bears out the theory that the change in ball has not affected the better player but has widened the gap between him and the great army of duffers.

WHAT this proves or disproves we leave to that able corps of debaters, the golf lawyers assembled in the locker-room court. But the fact that star professionals and amateurs are able to score as well with the new ball as the old, "has made little or no impression on the average club player," according to Mr. Powers's Consolidated Press article. "In fact, the stars' success is a goad in the side of the duffer, and led one irate far-Western player to point out in a lengthy letter that the professional and star amateur formed only a small percentage of the millions playing the game, and that the majority are being penalized in favor of a minority."

And, indeed, there is little unanimity among the experts.

For every supporter of the larger and lighter pellet, says the New York *World-Telegram*, three stand strongly for the old ball, able links citizens such as George Voigt, Bobby Cruickshank, and Charley Lacey. Further:

Wiffy Cox and Leo Diegel, ecstatically lined up with the new ball, are balanced by such old-ball adherents as Phil Perkins, Johnny Golden, Willie Macfarlane, Willie Klein, Billy Burke, and Mike Brady.

Paul Runyan casts his ballot for the new ball, but Charlie Mayo, Ellis Knowles, Maurice McCarthy, Sr., and Gene Homans don't. Mayo, Knowles, and McCarthy have been around golf links a long, long time.

The Newspaper Enterprise Association has been taking a nation-wide poll among golf players, and certain early and partial returns show that players are three to one against the larger and lighter ball. Here are some of the results announced by William Braucher, sports editor of this syndicate:

	For.	*Against.*
New York	1,856	5,326
Wichita, Kansas	82	704
Pittsburgh	121	115
St. Louis	87	175
Knoxville, Tennessee	5	62
New Orleans	9	16
Racine, Wisconsin	3	3
Lincoln, Illinois	0	2
Total	2,163	6,403

HOWEVER, Mr. Powers concludes sadly in his Consolidated Press remarks, "there is not much the U. S. G. A. can immediately do about the situation even if it were willing to listen to the duffers' cries. There is the golf-ball manufacturers' side to consider. The manufacturers, who were well satisfied with the consumption of the old ball, were obliged to junk molds and equipment worth thousands of dollars when the U. S. G. A. adopted the present ball as standard. Now, if another change is made, the manufacturers will sustain a further

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loss, and they will not take that without some protest."

An eloquent plea for the new ball is made by no less a golfing celebrity than Bobby Jones himself. Asked by *Life*, which is opposing the new ball, for a comment, he replied with this telegram, published in the magazine:

Urge you strongly reconsider decision start campaign against new ball situation. Just beginning get over effect of adverse comment before ball has been given fair trial. I strongly favor change and have had same reaction from every one who has given new ball fair and unprejudiced trial. If you desire do something of help to game and those playing it help us convince average golfer that new ball is easier and more suitable for him to play which I think it unquestionably is.

The Female of the Species Is More Husky Than the Male

"NOW we'll do it this way—

"Rum tumtum tiddley um te tum, te tum, TUM, with a stamp on the TUM, get it, syncopate it, ready—go!"

And the stageful of girls, working up a dance routine for a musical show, went, according to Paul Gallico in the New York *Daily News*, "until the professor shouted 'Stop,' or 'Nuff,' or the dance just petered out. They were very dainty critters, small and spry, some with red, and some with black, and some with brown, and some with yaller hair. I mean none of them had a lot of muscle, and after about a half-hour of that, I thought they'd drop."

Mr. Gallico, who is more used to training-camps than to musical-comedy rehearsals, was amazed at the stamina of these seemingly fragile young ladies, according to his account in his *Daily News* column.

"Holy smoke, what a workout!" he exclaimed.

"That?" said the producer. "That is nothing at all. These girls have been doing this since ten o'clock this morning. Sometimes they rehearse until three and four in the morning."

"Now I began to think," he says, and continues:

I couldn't help harking back to the training-camps of so-called prize-fighters. The big lummoxes do three minutes of limbering up. Then they box twelve minutes and do ten or fifteen minutes of callisthenics or, possibly, shadow-box, which is no work at all.

Then they have to go and lie down while a guy massages them from head to foot, after which they retire to their cottages to rest, which same rest must not be disturbed by the press. Yes, sir, the big apes—and the little apes, too—are all tuckered out.

Every two or three days they have to lay off so that they will not get more tired out. From what? And there are those dizzy dames hoofing for ten and twelve and fourteen hours a day for three and four weeks during rehearsals, then playing the opening of the show, rehearsing after the show until seven in the morning, snatching two hours' sleep, and back at noon for more rehearsal.

Say, what is this? Have those fighters been kidding us all these years, or is it just that these dolls can stand more? How long has this been going on?

Do you know where a lot of those dolls went after the rehearsal was called at eleven? To night-clubs, where they had jobs, to dance some more.

What are they made of, steel? No, sir, because when you touch 'em they're soft and you can stick pins into them. I do not wish you to gather from this that I go about testing the density or the specific gravity of an ensemble to carry my purely theoretical and philosophical speculations into active laboratory work. No, I remained at a respectful distance from the stage, harshly lit with the inevitable standing light, and merely marveled at the stamina of the cuties.

EVERY once in a while "Professor Connolly would call a brief rest period, and darned if four or five of the dames wouldn't be shadow-boxing by themselves—I mean shadow-dancing, I suppose. Gluttons for work!" Mr. Gallico proceeds:

And then I'd think of some big punk leaning over the ropes, saying: "Only three rounds to-day, Bill—I dowanna go stale." . . .

I suggested to Mr. Z. [the producer] that he open the workouts to the public at four bits or a dollar a head, and let the mob in to see the training sessions, because if a guy will pay a buck to sit on a bench to see some big, sweaty ape flex his muscles for twenty minutes, rattle a leather bag, and do knee-bends, I am sure he would part with the same to see the glory babies go through a workout ten times more strenuous, and calling for more skill and endurance.

Mr. Z. did not think that this was a very good idea, but then I do not think he appreciates what athletes he has on his pay-roll.

Dance, dance, dance; tap and turn, slide, strut, and slide; um-tiddley-um-tum, te-um-tum, te-um-TUM until they're ready to drop; but they still dance. Ice-cream sodas and ice-cream cones for sustenance, twelve and fourteen hours. "Gee!" I said to Mr. Z., "how do they stand it?"

Mr. Z. shook his gray head. "Youth!" was all he said.

Ham and Diamonds

THE LUNCH COUNTER MAN GOES TO WORK FOR TIFFANY

FIRST CUSTOMER—"I would like a lady's wrist-watch."

SALESMAN (bellowing lustily)—"One Waterbury on a handcuff, female!"

SECOND CUSTOMER—"May I see some matched pearl necklaces, please?"

SALESMAN—"I've got just what you want." (Bellowing.) "Fifty oyster tumors on a rope, line 'em up! Who's next?"

THIRD CUSTOMER—"I want a ring—engagement ring—platinum with a diamond about two karats."

SALESMAN—"Coming up!" (Bellowing.) "One tin shackle with a glass eye—two vegetables! Next!"

YOUNG MOTHER—"I want some jeweled safety-pins for—for—a young baby's—er—garments, you know."

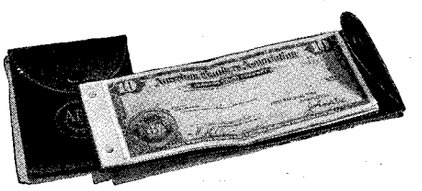
SALESMAN—"Well—er—I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to go to some one else. I'm new here."—*Life*.

"MY PURSE!"

The shopping district was crowded . . . a sudden tug at a handbag . . . a scream . . . small chance to catch a sneak-thief in that excitement.

If only her money had been in A. B. A. Cheques! It makes no difference where or how they are stolen or lost, *the money that they represent is safe*. They are insurance against theft, loss or destruction.

This money, rightly famous with globe-trotters, is equally useful at home. Carry A. B. A. Cheques instead of cash wherever you go. You can get them at your own bank.



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How They Brought the Ryder Cup Back from England

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK on Gene Sarazen's bronzed face.

He came up "to the green on the fourth and found that his ball had trickled into a refreshment pavilion and lay on the floor, four feet from a window," Paul Gallico tells us in the New York *Daily News*. The incident provided one of the tenser moments of the recent Ryder Cup matches on the Scioto course at Columbus.

But there was a different look on Gene's face when, according to Mr. Gallico, he "played the ball out the window, twenty feet from the pin, rimmed the cup, and sank his four."

The story of that shot will be told for years, Westbrook Pegler tells us in the Chicago *Tribune*, for it was "a happening like to the home run that stuck in the knot-hole, and the bouncing drop-kick that jumped over the Princeton goal."

Meanwhile the sun was blazing down on the Scioto links and the Yankee professional golfers, the Associated Press notes, were blazing their way toward victory along the fairways in the exciting, dramatic Ryder Cup matches with their British brethren. They were captained by Walter Hagen, the old master himself.

"Sir" Walter was in fine fettle. He teamed with Denny Shute to take George Duncan and Arthur Havers into camp in the foursomes, and in the singles he handled Charles Whitcombe.

So were all the American golfers in fine fettle. The American eagle, according to Grantland Rice's phrase in the New York *Sun*, was too much for the British lion. Our golfers took the matches 9 to 3, annexing three of the four foursomes and six of the eight singles. Thus this international professional trophy comes back to America after two years in England.

There was drama on every green.

The eighth and the eighteenth holes at Scioto are 480 yards in length and each a par five, Grantland Rice tells us in *The Sun* as he proceeds to describe one of the tournament's more thrilling moments:

At each of these long holes, Hagen, using a slightly lofted brassie, hit two spectacular shots that rolled up to within eight feet of the cup. And then responding to those two mighty blows delivered by the American captain, Denny Shute lost no time in sinking both putts for eagle threes.

Here was proof enough that the American eagle was hooking up with the golfing eagle to help make the rout complete. The first day, in fact, was fairly cluttered up with brilliant shots.

I believe one of the finest played fell to the lot of Wiffy Cox, the loose-jointed, easy-going Brooklyn entry. At the seventh hole Bill Burke pushed his tee shot off to the right. The drive landed on the ninth tee and then rolled partly down the bank. This left the redoubtable Wiffy in one of the toughest spots of the day.

He had a hanging lie to face that was as steep as the side of a cliff. The ball was over a foot below the top rim of the bank. There was nothing to use but a niblick, and it looked as if he would be lucky to scoop the ball fifty yards, in place of which he drove the blade down the slope, and the white missile rose and sailed over 160 yards, almost to the green. It was a miracle of more than average magnificence and brought a prolonged roar from the gallery.

AN "embarrassing situation" arose in the latter stages of the victory of Hagen and Shute over Duncan and Havers, Westbrook Pegler tells us in this amusing passage in the Chicago *Tribune:*

In the tournament the standing of a match is indicated to the spectators by means of a number of small national flags planted in little holes on a wooden standard, borne on high at the head of the procession by a flag-caddy. The committee, with pardonable lack of foresight, guessed that about eight holes would be sufficient for each standard, and when all the holes in the Hagen and Shute standard were filled with little American flags, the caddy asked, "Now what do I do?"

He walked the last nine holes or so, calling from time to time "And two is ten."

All, or nearly all, the golfing celebrities were there, and those who weren't playing were in the gallery. In *The Daily News* Mr. Gallico gives us these staccato pictures of some of them:

Walter Hagen never on the fairway for three holes and halving all three by marvelous recovery shots. . . . Hagen playing two successive chips out of sand traps to within six inches of the cup, to save holes. . . . Hagen drest in white flannels and a white shirt and a white straw hat with green celluloid inset in the front brim, his shirt bellying in the wind. . . . Hagen standing in a trap over his ball with no club in his hands, but making golf swing motions with his empty hands as he examines his ball.

Bobby Jones in the gallery with a trick German camera around his neck. . . . Bobby Jones trying to work the gadgets on his camera, the same being ball-bearing sights, windage and yardage gages, pressure and resistance indicators, and hot and cold running water. . . . Bobby Jones saying: "I like the way that Wiffy Cox plays his irons." . . . Bobby Jones, Grantland Rice, and Frank Craven tramping the fairways behind matches.

Archie Compston, a blue-clad giant rising out of the weeds. . . . Gene Sarazen in brown. . . . Leo Diegel in green. . . . Horton Smith all in white. . . . Whitcombe hitting the flag on the sixth with a hundred-yard approach, with the sound cameras grinding and recording not only the shot but the smack as the ball struck the bamboo pole. . . . Hagen stealing Whitcombe's thunder on the same hole by laying a pitch, out of the trap, four feet from the pin. . . . When the audience sees those two shots they'll think they were posed, but they weren't. Denny Shute hitting a three-hundred-yard drive on the eighteenth with the new ball, so what?

THIS victory "gave the United States the edge in the international series by two to one, the home-bred team having been victorious in the first international test for the trophy at Worcester four years ago," the New York *Times* tells us. And then we return to the Chicago *Tribune* and some further highlights pointed out by Mr. Pegler, thus:

Johnny Farrell and Craig Wood are the Americans who lost. Farrell had been even with Willie Davies at the end of the first eighteen holes, but his gumption seemed to leak out through his pores in the afternoon, and Willie stopt him a long walk from the club-house, four down. Johnny is not as strong as most of them. Wood also finished four down, losing to Art Havers.

Farrell was only one down at the twenty-seventh hole, but going to the tenth green in the afternoon, he hooked an iron shot down a grassy gully just a few inches from a mossy retaining wall of stone. The crowd rallied round as tho some one had found a body, hemming him in close as he pondered the problem of a down swing that had to have a right angle elbow in it.

But after long examination, the waning young man unsheathed his niblick and with a quick, delicate swipe gouged the golf ball out of the bosky dell. It skipt across the green amid cheers in one of those shots that old sport-writers would tell about as they sit around hotel rooms lying to one another years afterward, if he hadn't then missed a long putt to lose the hole.

Hagen had been four up at the end of the morning round, and he seemed to be making play of very serious business at certain stages in the afternoon, such as the twelfth hole, where he chipped over a trap as tho it didn't matter, and then missed a couple of putts. In the morning he had hoisted a half-buried ball seventy-five yards from a trap to a point so close to the cup that his putt was merely a back-hand slap at the ball to tip it in. At this Whitcombe uttered a fervent "fancy that."

After the boys had yodeled and spanked themselves loudly in the showers after the manner of boys of all ages in showers, the teams reappeared all combed and shiny and wearing fresh clothes for the ceremony of handing over the Ryder Cup.

Making Good

At Dinty Moore's the other night this one made them laugh loud. It deals with a fearless Italian, imported from the old country by Chicago gangsters to do the actual job of killing people.

They set him up in the fruit-stand business, which was a "blind." At nights they paid him $200 to kill enemies. He always demanded and received the $200 in advance.

The other night he got his $200 and the "mob" pointed out a chap they wanted murdered. He proceeded with the job. Then he went to sleep.

A few hours later they aroused him. "You dope," they growled, "you knocked off the wrong guy and we paid you the $200!"

"So aw right," he indifferently replied, as he stifled a yawn. "Da next one is on me!"—*New York Mirror.*

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Ro-railer, the Bus That Turns into a Railroad Car

MEET the ro-railer. It looks like a bus, but don't let that fool you. Being a bus is only half of this contraption's bag of tricks.

Step into the ro-railer at the curb, as if you were going for a sightseeing ride over city streets and country roads. You thread your way through pavement traffic. You reach the country—the dirt road or the paved highway.

Then something happens, and you are traveling on rails as if the ro-railer were a railroad car. Which it is, for serving in such a capacity is the other half of its purpose.

Ro-railer has two sorts of wheels. One for pavements, one for tracks. Hence the name. It's an English invention, described by William Edward Hayes in *The Railroad Man's Magazine*, in which we read:

Ro-railer is nothing more than a highly refined bus, or truck, with a gasoline motor under the hood, the usual number of rubber tires, the average amount of cubic feet of carrying capacity, but——

Inconspicuous, and very much out of the way when the ro-railer is operating as an ordinary bus or truck, is a set of flanged wheels—standard gage of four feet, eight and one-half inches, just inside the tired wheels.

When the ro-railer is traveling as a bus they look like oversize brake drums, and they revolve with the wheel proper. But when he wants to run the ro-railer on the rails the operator drives his bus on a platform that's just like any rail-crossing—the road is flush with the rails. He lines up his bus with the rails and drives off the crossing very carefully. As the crossing platform tapers off to the ground the flanged wheels contact the track and the automobile wheels are left hanging in midair.

Then the bus is stopt and in less than five minutes the driver has detached the highway wheels from the hubs, and, by means of an eccentric arrangement, has hooked them up so they're out of the way and do not revolve.

And once on the rails, this new hybrid is capable of no less than seventy-five miles per hour.

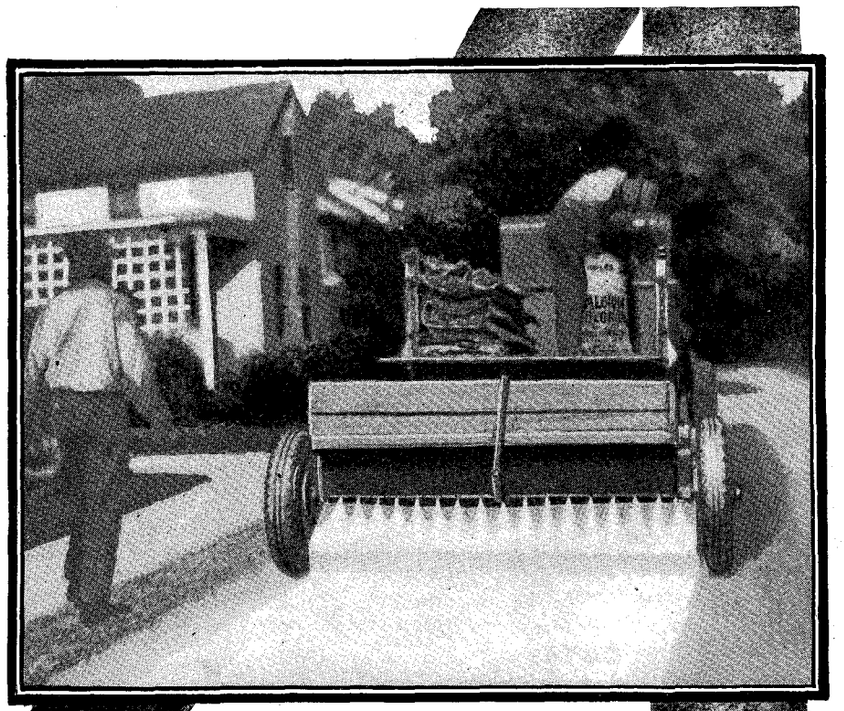
LET us take a close-up view of the passenger end of this new wrinkle, suggests Mr. Hayes, as he continues:

Let us use, in the first instance, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, an important Eastern road with the short line of travel between New York and Buffalo. Let us suppose that the Lackawanna has fifty ro-railers in service.

Now the Lackawanna is always in hot competition with the New York Central and the Lehigh Valley for that Buffalo business. The price of the ticket between New York and Buffalo is the same, of course, no matter what route you travel.

The Central, however, has a station right in the heart of New York City, while the Lackawanna starts from Hoboken, across the river. The bus lines, which use the highways between the city and Buffalo, like the Central, have their station right off Broadway in the heart of things.

The Lackawanna has to induce the passenger to go to Twenty-third Street,



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Calcium Chloride Publicity Committee

Send the coupon to any one of these companies
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Barberton, Ohio
The Dow Chemical Company,
Midland, Michigan
Solvay Sales Corporation,
61 Broadway, New York City

Please send folder on flake Calcium Chloride for road dust laying.

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Address _____

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WANTED: SERVICE MEN
Large manufacturer has a number of positions open in various parts of the country for middle-aged men who are capable and willing to call on Factories, Stores, Garages, Warehouses, Schools, Hotels, etc., and inspect and service their Fire Extinguishers. Opportunity to sell new equipment while doing this service work. Earnings on inspection and service up to $40 to $50 a week with added earnings from sale of new equipment. Address: Fyr-Fyter Co., 103-43 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Christopher or Barclay Street and get on a ferry to ride across the Hudson River before he can get on his train. Once the Hudson is crossed, the D., L., & W.'s customer is given a seat in as fine a train as you will find. But the D., L., & W. has to get that man across the river. That's the rub.

Now, if the Lackawanna had fifty of the ro-railers for operation on its main lines, the ro-railer would call at central points in Manhattan Borough for the passengers, carry them through the streets, out through Holland Tube, and thence to a point at which the ro-railer would assume its schedule on the main line.

IF using the ro-railer as a freight carrier, the account runs on:

The railroads could load right at the shipper's back door in St. Louis, for instance, run down to the yard, let down the flanged wheels on the ro-railer truck, give the operator and conductor their orders, and get them out on the line. The ro-railer could deliver to every store in every city, town or hamlet en route and pick up at the same time.

The Dangerous Career of the Only Woman Bull-Fighter

LA *CORDOBESITA*, a slim wisp of a seventeen-year-old girl, scarcely five feet tall, with great brown eyes and flashing white teeth, "takes you by surprize."

The maddened bull charges furiously, murderously at the petite matadora. Then he is "so elegantly, so dextrously, so beautifully" transfixt, you can't quite believe it, and neither can he.

But no one remains in doubt for long, we read in an El Paso dispatch to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Magazine.

The bull crumples in the dust at the feet of the matadora, the only woman bull-fighter in the world. The band, we read on, "plays rapid, strident music, and the stands thunder with applause. *La Cordobesita* is one step nearer the professional ranks and her goal in life—an appearance in the rings of Madrid or San Sebastian."

La Cordobesita, in private life Maria de Jesus Alguin-Garcia, is the only one of her sex to embrace the hazardous profession of the bull ring, this article assures us. And she is the reason why "Sunday bull-fighting at Juarez, across the Rio Grande, holds a new fascination for American tourists."

La Cordobesita might be a good reason for almost anything, we are told as we read on:

Her father was a champion matador of some twenty years ago, and fought in all the big rings of Mexico.

When he left the ring he retired to the family hacienda south of Mexico City and took up the occupation of his ancestors—that of raising blooded fighting bulls.

In this atmosphere Maria was born and grew up, learning her hazardous art under the tutelage of her father and four older brothers.

To her, bull-fighting has been a matter of everyday life since she can first remember.

Maria entered the ring four years ago, when she was only thirteen. In her four years of public appearances she has taken part in more than 200 performances, and has killed, with her dextrous sword thrust, at least seventy-five charging bulls.

The last three or four of these were dispatched in the famous old Juarez ring, where linger memories of such fighters as Rodolfo Gaona, Sidney Franklin, José Oritz, Belmonte, and Silveti.

With seventy-five bulls to her credit, however, she is still a novillera, or amateur, and must fight only bulls with blunted horns. The law requires this of amateurs.

Bull-fight followers are enthusiastic over her prospects in the professional ring. They declare her work will equal that of Mexico's best fighters. Professional fighters already look upon her as a companion and an equal, and shower her with offers to help—if she needs it—in getting over some peculiarly difficult phase of footwork or cape work.

THE Mexicans, "not so familiar with women in sports as Americans are, take *La Cordobesita* with a great deal of seriousness," we read. "To them her success in the ring is astonishing, phenomenal." Maria attributes her skill to her "tomboy" upbringing, and is quoted thus directly by *The Post-Dispatch*.

I had four older brothers and no sisters. Naturally, I played boys' games, and ran with the boys in all their adventures. I was not restricted as most Mexican girls are. I even wore boys' clothes.

When my brothers began to learn the routine of the ring, I learned with them.

My father thought it was a great joke for a girl to try the cape and the fine points of the banderillas.

When I began to show some proficiency, he was delighted, and started training me in earnest. It came to me pretty easily. I guess it's part of my blood, for all my ancestors were bull-fighters. Anyway, I was never afraid, as you might expect a girl to be.

Some people seem to be surprized that a girl is strong enough to kill a bull. They think it takes a lot of strength to make the sword thrust. It does, but you use the bull's strength instead of your own. All you have to do is hold the sword and let the bull impale himself.

WHEN she is not in the bull-ring, "Maria wears little girl clothes—the sort of gaudy, impractical dresses any little girl without a mother to manage such things for her would buy," we are told as we continue:

She goes to the movies, reads love-stories, and carries in her trunk the photograph of a handsome Spanish banderillero, to whom she says she was once engaged.

Her dream is of fame as a bull-fighter. Then she wants wealth, an infinite number of dresses and—possibly a husband. But she is quick to add that she doesn't want a husband if he is going to interfere with her career.

She is intent upon that career—wants to take New York by storm one of these days, wants to see the tall buildings and all the other wonders. She dreams of going to Spain, too. Her career won't be complete until she fights in the rings of Madrid and San Sebastian.

Francisco Alguin-Garcia, Maria's older brother, is her manager. He is also her professor, trainer, coach, chaperon, and all-around boss.

Having trained her in the ring, he now continues to keep rigid guard over her.

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A "House of Perpetual Spring"

AN ATMOSPHERE as invigorating and full of health as that of a May morning.

Ideal conditions where mental and physical fatigue are unknown.

A combination of temperature, humidity, and ventilation where effort and efficiency never sag.

Any type of climate that suits your personal taste or your mood of the moment can be produced as easily as you ring for an elevator.

Such are claimed to be the unique characteristics of the "little house of perpetual spring," designed and built by research engineers of the Westinghouse Company to test new theories of heating homes and offices.

According to Samuel M. Kintner, vice-president in charge of engineering, as quoted in a recent press bulletin, the reactions of numerous persons who have worked and studied in the conditioned air are so favorable that sponsors of the idea feel confident it points the way to new methods of heating and ventilating that will be strongly conducive to greater health, comfort, and sustained effort, and for an operating cost below that of present day fuel. We read:

Inside walls of the little house are divided into panels supported by pivots in such a manner that they can be turned much like shutters, a feature which helps in the control of air currents. An electric heating unit is attached to the back of each panel, and similar units are attached at regular intervals to the upper side of the ceiling, making heat distribution even at all points.

These elements are controlled by separate switches so it is possible to warm any one panel, any series of panels, the low panels and the ceiling, the ceiling alone, or any other selected section of the wall surface in order to study the results of climates made to order.

With the walls at the temperature of the body there can be no heat loss by radiation, says Schad, and one is quite comfortable, altho the thermometer shows the air of the room to be only 60 degrees.

Thus, says the engineer, it is possible to have perpetual spring, regardless of the outdoor weather conditions, and it requires little stretch of the imagination to make a summer cooling plant out of the same equipment.

And since sunlight has been broken up into its several component elements, and since the beneficial ultra-violet rays of the light, which do not penetrate ordinary window-glass, can be created by special bulbs attached to light sockets, Westinghouse research engineers believe the windowless little house of perpetual spring is approaching the ideal of living conditions.

Adjusting the Overhead

"We consider tipping a degrading custom and have formed a society to put a stop to it."

"Ay, I'll join it," said the man from Aberdeen, gladly.

"Good! The membership fee is only fifty cents a year."

"Mon, that's different. I'm thinkin' it'll be cheaper for me to tip."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Why Was I Fired?"

"I've worked my head off for them people!" exclaimed Jones to his wife. "Yet the very minute business gets slack, out I go!"

"AND THIS IS THE SECOND JOB YOU'VE LOST, DEAR," answered his wife sorrowfully. "We're surely up against hard luck."

A few hours before this conversation, Jones was himself the subject of a conversation between the business manager and his assistant.

"I don't like to let Jones go," the manager said. "Married man with a wife to support. But I simply must. He's willing enough and faithful, too. *But his English! You know how he talks, Bill.* Maybe he didn't go to school long enough—but if that's the case why doesn't he try to improve himself? After hearing him talk to customers and hearing him dictate letters I can understand why his sales record stands still. He's not a very big asset to the house and it would never do to advance him."

Don't Be a Job Hunter And so, Jones, because he was careless in his use of English, like many another man and woman before him, not only fails to advance, but is ACTUALLY REDUCED TO A JOB-HUNTING STATE—a condition he might not have reached if he had spent a few minutes of his spare time every day in improving his speech by a little study.

Be a Master of Words To-day you have your destiny in your own hands, because—whoever you are, and whatever your walk in life, the little book which we are offering you will OPEN YOUR EYES TO A NEW WORLD OF UNTOLD POWER AND ACHIEVEMENT—to use good English and to build a personality that charms.

Stepping-Stone to Success Here is the stepping-stone by which thousands have climbed to success. *Salesmen—doctors—lawyers—merchants—clergymen—teachers—clerks—business men and women* everywhere attribute their success to the advantage they derived from the study and application of Grenville Kleiser's unique course in English, endorsed by such distinguished people as Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irvin S. Cobb, and thousands of others.

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Conquering Kamet: Man's Loftiest Climb

SIX BRAVE YOUNG BRITONS were hemmed in by walls of ice that soared up and up for hundreds of feet. The ice seemed to defy the law of gravity. It leaned outward and over the gorge. But occasionally, we read in an article copyrighted in North America by the New York *Times* and elsewhere by *The Times* of London, this natural law would assert itself, and masses of ice would fall, to crash "with terrible force to the great glacier beneath."

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From Wide World

He Won His Way to the "Highest Ever"

Frank S. Smythe, leader of the British Kamet Expedition.

Luckily the hardy young men of the British Himalayan expedition did not happen to be standing on any of the spots where these ice falls landed. Otherwise we should not be chronicling their feat of climbing 25,447-foot Mt. Kamet, the highest summit ever attained by man.

THIS they accomplished on June 21, according to a message sent by Frank S. Smythe of the expedition, by runner and radio to the New York *Times*.

Mt. Kamet, *The Times* reminds us, "is surpassed in height by only five peaks, all in the Himalayan chain, and it is higher by 1,103 feet than Jonsong Peak, conquered last year by the Dyhrenfurth expedition.

"The members of the expedition, Frank S. Smythe, the leader; Capt. E. St. J. Birnie, Dr. R. Greene, R. L. Holdsworth, E. B. Beauman, and E. E. Shipton, are all under thirty-three years of age. They succeeded," we are told, "where nine previous expeditions failed. The route followed was that used by C. F. Meade, who ascended to within 2,000 feet of the summit in 1912." Reading on:

Mr. Smythe was one of the party of six in the Dyhrenfurth expedition that set the previous high mark for man last year, when Jonsong Peak was scaled.

Plans for the expedition were announced last November at Delhi, India. Ranikhet, India, saw the start last month. An advance group of fifty-five coolies left there May 14 on the trip to the base of the peak. The coolies carried about 2,400 pounds of equipment, including a gramophone, to be played to ease their burdens when the route grew hot and tiresome.

On May 31 Mr. Smythe, in dispatches to the New York *Times*, told of the expedition nearing the base camp. In his description of the journey, writing from Joshimath, he said:

"The sixty-mile journey to Baijnath will probably rank as the most dangerous phase of the expedition. The narrow roads and hairpin bends were so acute as to make reversing necessary, while precipitous drops awaited an error in judgment by the driver, or the bursting of tires, which bulged like sausages through their outer covers."

Yaks, used to carry part of the equipment, stampeded several times. Photographic plates were broken, some medicinal supplies were lost, but the gramophone came out unscathed.

All of this was reported by Mr. Smythe when the expedition reached the base of Kamet, early in June, as happening on the way from Niti, India. A stop had been made at Niti, and the next two days were used in the organization of the actual mountain-climbing force. Of this, Mr. Smythe wrote:

"Two days will be spent here for rest and reorganization before ascending to the base camp. We have dismissed the Dotial porters, who have done so well, their places being taken by the harder Bhotias from Niti and other villages.

"The porterage and coolies are being arranged by Allan Singh, Meade's former servant. (Meade climbed to within 2,000 feet of the top in 1912.)

"Thirty men are being recruited, and thirty jhobus, half-breed yaks, to carry loads to the base camp. The men will be retained for climbing. Several of them accompanied the Meade and Kellas expeditions, and know the best camping sites."

THE actual climb "was begun from the base camp on June 8," *The Times* recalls, continuing its summary thus:

On June 11 Base Camp 2 was set up at an altitude of 18,600 feet. The way to Base Camp 1 had been made through the snakelike East Kamet glacier.

"Five miles up the glacier narrows to a gorge, and we could well understand Dr. Longstaff's reluctance to attempt Kamet by this route," Mr. Smythe reported to the New York *Times*. "Walls of ice hundreds of feet in height lean outward and over the reddish precipices in defiance of gravity. Occasionally masses of ice are detached, crashing with terrible force to the great glacier beneath."

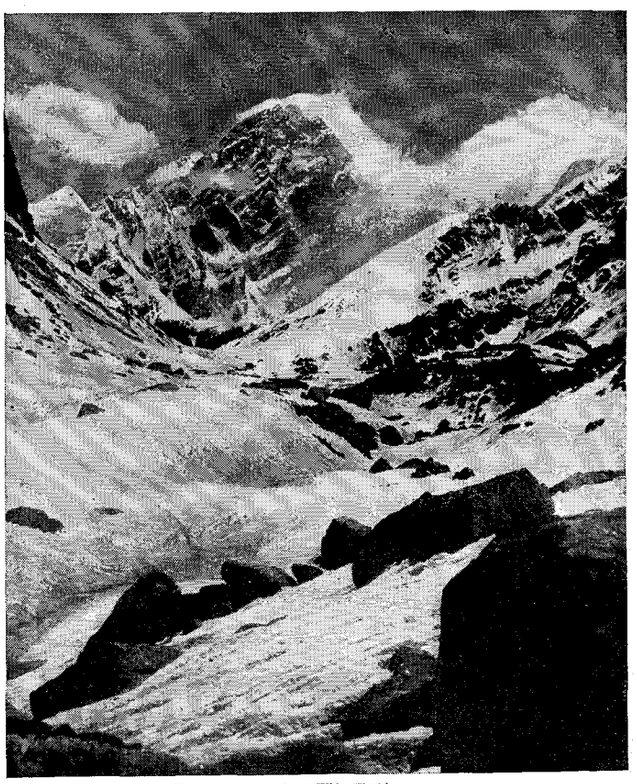
From Base Camp 1 to Base Camp 2 the way lay up the East Kamet glacier. Turning a corner of the glacier, the expedition, the leader reported, first saw Kamet itself, with its stupendous 7,000-foot rock-face falling sheer into the glacier.

From there a series of camps was established with the jumps in altitude much shorter each time. Camp 3 was 20,000 feet. On June 19, Mr. Smythe reported that Camp 4 had been established at 22,500 feet, and that the next camp would be set up above 24,000 feet, less than 1,500 feet from the summit.

Three separate attempts were made before the expedition succeeded in devising a way to reach the site for Camp 4. At a third attempt by two separate parties a way was found up the rocks by a series of steep ice shelves, Mr. Smythe wrote, and by following one of them, it was possible to reach the foot of the final snow and ice slopes to establish Camp 4. A route for porters was next worked out with 560 feet of rope used as a safeguard.

At that time Mr. Smythe wrote:

"Given a continuance of the present good weather, we should establish Camp 5 to-morrow. From there we shall be climbing over unknown ground. By the time the next dispatch is written, the issue will have been decided one way or another, and the issue will be decided by the weather, the difficulties of the final 2,000 feet, and our own personal fitness."



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Hoary Monarch of Snow and Storm

A camera view of Mount Kamet from the Ghastolie Glacier.

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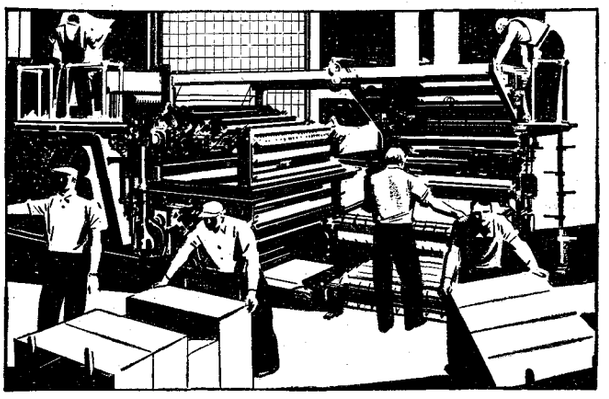

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CLEAR-THINKING BUSINESS MEN OF AMERICA . . . *SEVENTH OF A SERIES*

IF ANY business has good news for the great American home—and a clear sense of the value of time, that business must consider the advertising columns of *The Literary Digest*—and the sooner the better!

For very good reasons . . . the Digest *is special messenger* to the ruling families of the nation. Not only the speediest carrier among magazines but also the bearer of wanted and trusted news and views.

Its method is fast and sure. Often you find at the head of a *Digest* article reference lines like this—"A poll of the Spanish, French and British press *by cable* on the pregnant events in Spain brings significant comment." It is common custom for the *Digest* to use the telegraph and cable for a poll of important newspapers. Regularly, *Digest* editors study more than 5000 newspapers and periodicals to be sure of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Readers of the *Digest* expect—and get—equally crisp and interesting news in the advertising columns. News of motors and ocean liners, of foods and household goods, of building materials and bonds, alongside news fresh from the world of events.

No other magazine offers the *Digest's* service to advertisers. Think of the audience—that sound, steady, middle group of 1,400,000 families, people of property and position. An alert, active, always-buying crowd. Families whose living standards are maintained—in high times and in hard times.

Think of the *Digest's* grip on the minds of that audience—as shown by its 10-year average of more than a million circulation, its high rate of renewals and the largest subscription revenue of any magazine.

Think of the *Digest's* immediacy—with a press-date only a week in advance of appearance. Then, take advantage of all these advantages. If your business has something to sell *now* to the people who have much to buy *now*—send them your very latest news, *by special messenger.*

The Literary Digest *is close to the life of the times, offering* immediate national publicity *to the advertiser who has a message of immediate national interest. It goes to press only seven days before delivery—thus having the speed of a weekly newspaper, plus its power as the leading news magazine. . . . . The* Digest *enters the best million homes with telephones, a market which buys two-thirds of all advertised commodities, and buys them first. It reaches* 36 *per cent of all families with incomes of* $10,000 *and up. Its list of subscribers is a roster of ready buyers in the upper-income brackets. . . . . For* 1931, *advertisers buy a guaranteed average circulation of at least* 1,400,000 *preferred prospects.*

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"*The Literary Digest* is known to students of the publishing business as the sounding-board of American opinion. No other periodical in history has held a similar place. Time after time, its finger laid on the pulse of the people has been the one true index of national sentiment."

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The "Hoover Holiday" and Business Recovery

IS IT THE TURNING-POINT?

"If the recovery in American business and industry continues with only moderate setbacks until the final quarter of 1931," *The American Banker* thinks it will be logical to point to the last week of June "as the turning-point, and to President Hoover's proposal for a one-year war-debt moratorium as the leading contributing feature to the bringing about of that recovery."

The fact that "the second half of the year begins with clearing skies" seems the all-important fact to the New York *Evening Post's* financial editor. And as we glance through the comment of the financial writers during the days that have followed the announcement of the Hoover holiday for reparations and debt payments, we find such bursts of enthusiasm as have been sadly lacking in the financial press for many a month.

Here, for instance, is *Bradstreet's*, testifying that overnight a spirit of confidence and enthusiasm awakened that "apparently bids fair to shake business free from the depression paralysis of the past months."

The Hoover pronouncement, declares *The Business Week*, "has suddenly exposed the paralyzing doubt and deflationist dogma that have dominated and unduly prolonged this depression; given a glimpse of the vast forces of potential financial power, deferred demand, and postponed enterprise that can catapult business into unparalleled expansion again, once they are released by intelligent leadership and recuperating confidence."

"While it is unlikely that world economic stagnation can be cured by the administration of any single remedy," the Chatham Phenix Bank of New York thinks the Hoover proposal "might well become the medicine to start recovery," especially since it "was offered at a time when the condition of the world patient was at possibly the lowest state since the economic illness began."

A Fine Tonic—but No Cure-all

—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

THE creation of "an atmosphere of relief and optimism, in which the recuperation of world business will be infinitely facilitated," is hailed by the Chicago *Economist*. The business world, it continues, "gave graphic evidence of its approval and its hopeful anticipation of benefits through the medium of the security and commodity exchanges." In fact:

On the security markets of the world the broad constructive elements of the plan were mirrored, but in individual commodities there were more meaningful developments.

Particularly in the domestic non-ferrous metals there was a surge of strength that resulted in large part from an actual resumption of foreign buying, the first tangible evidence of the foreign markets opening up for American commodities.

For example, in copper, the volume of export sales jumped from an average of two or three million pounds daily to ten, twelve, and fifteen million, immediately following the announcement, as the dam that has held back foreign buying broke.

It is also thought that by removing a great deal of the distortion in the international credit structure, the debt holiday will pave the way to a reopening of the foreign markets for American products before the momentum of the domestic recovery can have spent itself.

This is all in full cognizance that there remain underlying difficulties which will handicap and impede recovery.

The better feeling in business circles was quickly translated into action, *The Economist* recalls:

The most spectacular developments in this direction so far to appear are embodied in dividend actions of important corporations.

For example, the Pennsylvania Railroad abandoned a drastic dividend cut and lowered the annual basis only $1 to a $3 rate, with the explanation that current earnings were too low to justify even this smaller disbursement, but accompanied by a statement of Gen. W. W. Atterbury, president, as follows:

"The directors are convinced that the recent measures of international cooperation initiated by President Hoover are of such fundamental importance as to justify a payment of dividends partly out of surplus to reflect their confidence in future improvement."

Another instance was Westinghouse Electric, for which an omission was expected in some quarters with the most conservative predictions calling for at least a halving of the previous rate. Instead, the directors maintained the $4 annual basis, evidently encouraged in this action by the sudden revival of foreign buying for copper which would normally anticipate a subsequent demand for their equipment abroad.

Most fortunately, the domestic business situation is in position to respond with a vigorous rebound to the healthier attitude of mind that has already been created.

The rising impulse of retail business has been manifest for the last sixty days.

Ahead there is the definite prospect of at least one big industry, the railroads, regaining its purchasing power, and this should be translated immediately into good business for the steel mills, the equipment manufacturers, and those which supply them materials.

"WHY did the financial world react so favorably" to the Hoover proposal, asks the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*. It finds a twofold answer:

(1) the psychological effect, and (2) the serious position in which Germany finds itself.

The world-wide economic depression, while it had its roots in basic economic factors such as the question of production and consumption, was to a large extent due to a world-wide confidence crisis which prevented the free flow of capital from country to country. This confidence crisis is reflected in the low price of foreign bonds traded in the international markets, in the low rates of interest prevailing in the capital-rich countries, and the high rates of interest in the debtor countries. It is also reflected in the rapid accumulation of gold in the United States and France at the expense of countries which need the gold for currency and credit purposes.

The restoration of the world's confidence needed more than a normal impetus.

It needed a move of generosity and willingness to sacrifice self-interest for the hope of the entire world.

President Hoover's announcement had just this effect.

The financial and political collapse of Germany would not only have meant the complete cessation of reparations payments, but it would have placed the entire continent of Europe in a chaotic position. It would have involved tremendous losses to foreign investors in Germany, particularly Americans, and would have meant disorganization of currencies and of trade.

THE main thing, continues this authority, is that the debt holiday will strengthen confidence throughout the world, "revive the international flow of capital," cut down unemployment,

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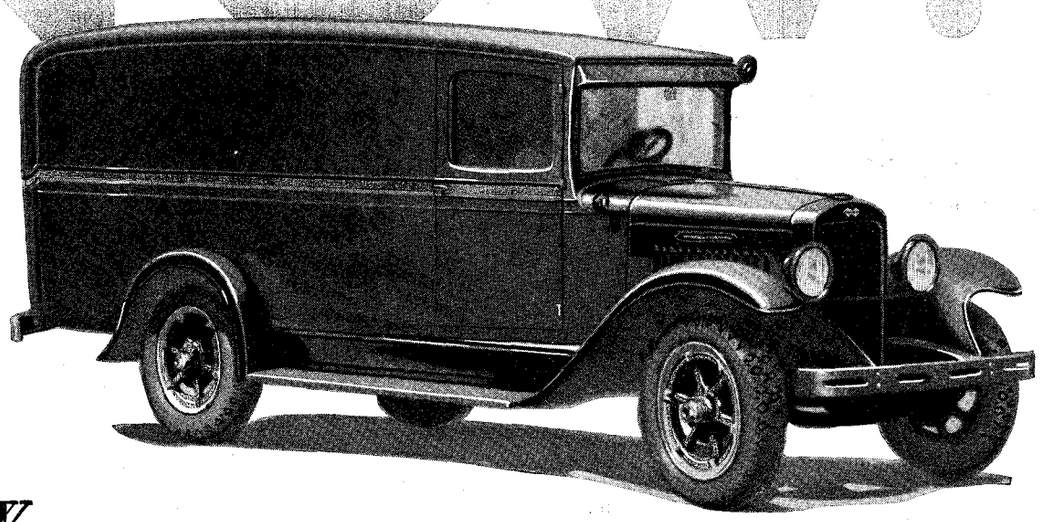

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International Harvester announces a new 1½-ton, 4-speed, 136-inch wheelbase truck — the Model A-2. A better truck and with more power than International has ever been able to offer at the low price of $675. It is a true International from front bumper to tail-light, built to the most modern truck standards — a truck of the same high quality and backed by the same Company-owned service that for years has made Internationals famous for low-cost hauling.

Here are power, speed, stamina, attractive lines, and all-around dependability. Here also is absolute assurance of low upkeep cost and unusual operating economy over a long period of years and mileage.

See this new truck. Ask for a demonstration. Drive it. In no other way can you appreciate the quality that has been built into the Model A-2. It is another International achievement that will add to the ever increasing popularity of the International line. International Trucks are built in ¾ to 5-ton capacities. Bodies for every business.

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4 forward speeds · 22 ball and roller bearings · Powerful engine, L-Head type; 3⅝ in. bore, 4½ in. stroke; ample power with unusual fuel economy. · Cam-and-lever steering gear. · Vibration-dampened clutch. · 2 wheelbases: 136 and 160 in.

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Personality shows on the surface. Spirit and morale can not be hidden. Every detail of business transactions expresses their presence, or their absence.

No greater tragedy in business life than the failure of able, honest and potentially successful men. Modern Accountancy sees these failures often and emphasizes them as quite unnecessary. Success is not to the superman alone. Most often it comes from a right concept of organization and the application of a well-ordered plan. Every day, normal business intelligence discovers, and understands better these truths; and so is achieving more fully the results that mark good management.

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and remove causes for political unrest. "With the plan has come a change from a psychology of gloom to one of hope, and with a changed psychology there is no reason in the world why prosperity should not return to our shores and to the rest of the world." And besides the Hoover move, it seems to the Alexander Hamilton Institute that "we now have the fundamental requisites for business revival."

WE take from a typical banking bulletin, *The Guaranty Survey* (Guaranty Trust Company of New York), this characterization of the present business outlook:

American business has passed through the first half of 1931 at a practically unchanged level of activity.

Such variations as have occurred have been mainly seasonal in character, and have failed to show any convincing signs of a fundamental change in trend.

Altho no definite improvement has yet become visible, there is some basis for the growing belief that the lowest level of depression has been seen or will be seen within the very near future, and that some degree of tangible recovery should manifest itself during the second half of the year.

The very fact that six months have passed without bringing further significant recession can reasonably be regarded as a sign that the process of readjustment is nearing completion.

Moreover, the general level of activity appears to have reached approximately as low a point, in comparison with what is generally regarded as normal, as it ever did in the course of past depressions.

Many corporation statements for the first half-year are certain to be unsatisfactory, and will have some depressing effects, which will, however, be lessened if the returning faith in future developments grows stronger, as seems likely.

The importance of looking forward, rather than backward, is now being realized.

"While the Hoover move came as strychnin to a sick financial world," sober observers, remarks M. S. Rukeyser in the New York *American*, are wondering what will happen when the effect of the stimulant wears off. Meantime, we are reminded,

The non-speculative indexes concerning domestic business, including freight-car loadings, steel production, and power consumption, have indicated further backsliding since the spring peak.

The sores of industry go deep, and the process of healing will take time. For the moment, business, at least, has been freed from the handicap of unreasoning and excessive pessimism.

THIS writer makes the additional point that the importance of the stock market rally, even if it is only technical and transient, should not be minimized—

Each sharp upturn enables banks to get rid of frozen collateral loans, and thus tends to bring the end of the period of necessitous liquidation nearer.

At the same time it is true that nothing in the reports of production, transportation, or trade indicated anything better in the way of earnings and profits than were seen before the "moratorium boom" routed the bears on the stock market, is a point made by Benjamin Baker in *The Annalist*. He grants that the psychological effects of the "holiday" may be great, but cautions us that without more definite changes in the course of production and trade, "it would seem probable that the present advance in stocks will prove a passing phenomenon, and that all markets will presently recede more or less toward the basis dictated by facts rather than by sentiment." Or, as another writer in *The Annalist* puts it, "the chief danger is that business may fail to follow the improvement in sentiment."

"In order that we may retain our balance," Lewis Haney, New York University economist, lists in his New York *Evening Journal* column the favorable and unfavorable factors at midyear of 1931. He purposely omits the moratorium scheme itself, altho noting its probable effects. Here are his favorable factors:

1. Higher security prices, including bonds.
2. A rebound in many commodity prices, following signs of greater stability; many raw materials at prewar levels.
3. Industrial production in most cases below normal requirements.
4. Stocks of manufactured products gradually declining; stocks of zinc reduced in May, and zinc prices stronger.
5. Much progress in economy in production, making possible profits at prices low enough to stimulate demand.
6. Light inventories in distributors' hands.
7. Maladjustments in credit largely corrected, and much frozen credit liquidated; ratio of loans to deposits below normal.
8. Several business indexes show greater stability, including imports and building contracts measured in floor space.
9. Prospects of an extension of long-term credit to Germany, and greater political stability.

AND here are Mr. Haney's unfavorable factors:

1. Consumer purchasing power continues to decline. Factory employment and payrolls fell more than seasonally in May; farmers in bad shape; continued dividend cuts.
2. May retail trade declined quite sharply.
3. Automobile sales and production are on the down grade. Dealer inventories of new cars increased in May.
4. Building permits have made a new low, and May real-estate transfers were the smallest on record.
5. Railway car loadings and earnings are declining, the former touching a new low.
6. The steel industry shows more than the usual seasonal decline.
7. Machine tool orders dropt in May, which is contrary to the normal seasonal trend.
8. Foreign trade fell to a new low level in May, with exports off sharply.
9. Bank debits (checks drawn) and post-office receipts decline.
10. Large and burdensome stocks of many raw materials remain.
11. Numerous bank failures indicate that considerable frozen credit still exists.

While the unfavorable factors still seem

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to predominate, Mr. Haney notes that "the favorable factors have grown in number and weight; they warrant real hopefulness as to a fall recovery of at least moderate proportions."

Good Cheer from "Hot" Bricks

WHEN the demand for bricks is so urgent that they are being shipped to New York still warm from the kilns, it is a rare phenomenon.

And it is more. It is a sign of upturn in building.

As one Stock Exchange house notes in its market letter, "observers in the building industry point to this phenomenon, seen previously in 1906 and 1921, as presaging a rise in general building activity." According to *The Wall Street Journal*, the price of brick is going up in the New York market owing to the increased demand, and we read:

Current consumption is running close to output, the plants supplying the market shipping approximately 16,000,000 bricks a week, an increase of about 60 per cent. over last year. Since January 1 last, the average demand has been about 35 per cent. higher than in 1930, while shipments recently have run close to 100 per cent. ahead of a year ago.

INCREASE in residential building in the important New York metropolitan area is held responsible for this demand for all the brick the makers can supply, says Allan E. Beals in *The Dow Service Daily Building Reports:*

Basic building-material dealers look upon the current turn of the market as being of good omen. They say it forecasts the rise of general building-construction activity from a multitude of small building units as more and more contractors get on their financial feet again.

Common brick demand is 35 per cent. greater than it was last year at this time, and yet there are probably not more than 85,000,000 common brick now ready for shipment in the Hudson River brick-manufacturing district. Since the market is calling for brick at the rate of 50,000,000 a month, and only a few of the yards around here are ready to go into production, a great deal of builder-contractor curiosity has been stirred up to find out what is being done to meet continuing demand.

According to the same authority, several trade journals report that Eastern brick- and tile-makers find that the increase in demand for brick is beginning to make things "look like old times."

Page Noah

The teacher at an elementary school noticed during the Scripture lesson that a small boy at the bottom of the class seemed to be finding the questions too difficult.

"Now, Jimmy," she said, "I'll give you an easy question: What do you know about the ark?"

"Please, miss," answered Jimmy, after a moment's thought, "it's what the 'erald angels sings."—*Tit-Bits.*

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By Luella E. Axtell, M. D.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Time Flies.—LADY GOLF NOVICE (after tenth swipe at ball)—"Thank goodness, it's gone at last."

CADDIE—"It isn't the ball that's gone, miss—it's your wrist-watch."—*Passing Show.*

No Solomon.—"A statesman is supposed to be familiar with all public questions."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but not necessarily with all the answers."—*Washington Star.*

Tweet! Tweet!—A corpulent teacher was giving a lesson to a class of small children on a canary.

TEACHER—"Can any boy tell me what a canary can do and I can't?"

SHARP BOY—"Please, miss, have a bath in a saucer!"—*Crystal Palace Advertiser.*

New Old-Timer.—PROUD FATHER—"Well, son, now that you're a grad what are you going to do?"

OFFSPRING—"I'm going to talk to you about the good old days."—*Yale Record.*

In Memoriam.—FISH DEALER—"Fresh, lady? Why, this fish breathed its last just as you came in the door."

CUSTOMER (sniffing)—"And what a breath it had!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Gobbler Not Guilty.—WIFE—"Dear, to-morrow is our tenth wedding anniversary. Shall I kill the turkey?"

HUBBY—"No, let him live. He didn't have anything to do with it."—*Utah Humbug.*

Ruling Passion.—MOTHER (severely)—"Myra, did I see that young man stroking your hair on the piazza last night?"

DAUGHTER—"It's a mere habit with him, Mother. He used to stroke on the varsity eight."—*Boston Transcript.*

Try Under "L."—The boss eyed the stenographer with a cold eye.

"Young lady," said he, "that filing cabinet is supposed to be very exact. How is it you can't find what you are looking for?"

"I'm looking for my lunch."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

No, Shredded Pineapples.—Several times during dinner the visiting Englishman had seemed about to speak, but had restrained himself. As they were having coffee he cast caution to the winds, leaned to his host, and blurted out, "Tell me, does Mr. Capone really eat beans with a machine-gun?"—*Lampoon.*

Poison to Him.—OLD LADY (to tramp)—"Why don't you work? Hard work never killed any one."

TRAMP—"You're wrong, lady. I lost both of my wives that way."—*Bennington Banner.*

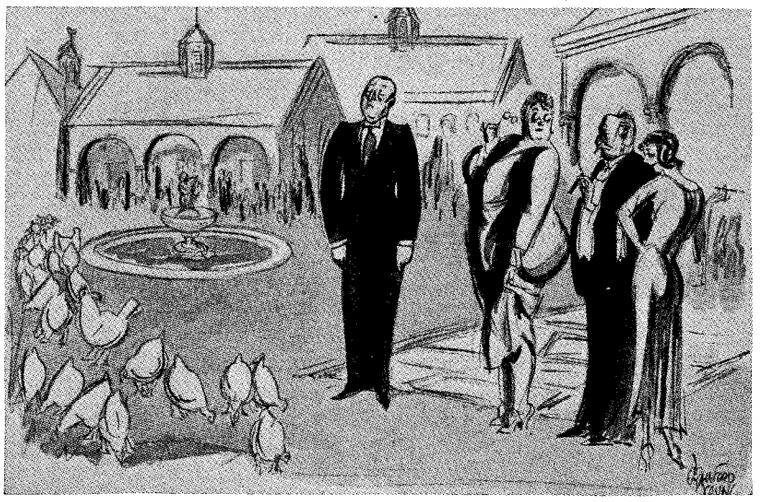
Rush Delivery.—

"Your lips are twin roses,"
He told sweet Miss Bowers,
"Come bid me good-night
And 'say it with flowers!'"
—*Boston Transcript.*

Waste Not, Want Not.—"Did ye hear about Sandy McCulloch findin' a box of cornplasters?"

"No."

"Yes—so he went and bought a pair of tight shoes."—*Sydney Bulletin.*



"Oh, yes, they lay, but of course in our position it isn't necessary"
—"The New Yorker."

Only One Who Owned Up.—A burglar entering the home of a Riverside heiress, upon surprizing her, remarked, "I don't want your life, but your money, lady."

"Oh, go away," she replied petulantly, "you're just like the rest of them."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Might Cancel the Deal.—

Said the Scientist to the Protoplasm,
"'Twixt you and me is a mighty chasm,
We represent extremes, my friend,
You the beginning, I the end."

The Protoplasm made reply
As he winked his embryonic eye,
"Well, when I look at you, old man,
I'm rather sorry I began."
—*New York Evening Post.*

Coals to Newcastle.—BUSINESS MAN—"Well, if it isn't John Corcoran, the man I met up in Maine one rainy night six years ago at the Moose River Junction railway station."

SALESMAN (retreating to door)—"Good-day, sir."

BUSINESS MAN—"Aren't you going to try and sell me something?"

SALESMAN—"No. I sell memory courses."—*Life.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Resigned to the Worst.—Who is there to deny that God resigns, and all is well?—*Alabama Christian Advocate.*

Happy Release.—Death came after a two weeks' illness of influenza and cbmplicattons.—*New York American.*

Wild Women.—The passengers had stampeded to the port rail in fear of wind and wives.—*Pensacola (Fla.) News.*

In Kansas, Too.—The big Sunday School Picnic held Tuesday at the Park was a hug success.—*Overbrook (Kan.) paper.*

Crashing the Peerage.—WILL TRADE—23-Jewel Howard watch, white gold case, for coronet. Must be a good one. Give or take boot.—*Springfield (Mo.) News.*

Stepping on It.—Maj.-Gen. Smedley D. Butler, stormy petrol of the Marine Corps, will speak over an NBC network.—*Chicago Radio Weekly.*

Call the Doctor.—QUEEN MARY TO DAZZLE COURTS WITH ROYAL GERMS—*(Eureka (Calif.) paper.*

Hamburger Steak.—After taking the money they broke plate glass windows, took meat cleavers and hacked meat cleavers and eat loinshrduuu andetaoinshrdluuu.—*Chico (Calif.) paper.*

Business Slump in Wonderland.—Most of the harm done during the present world depression has been brought about by government breath and maiden hair fern.—*Pomona (Calif.) paper.*

Chipping Off the Angles.—Drs. H—are attending to their office patients in their office and these will be remodeled somewhat to make them more attractive and convenient.—*Hollister (Calif.) paper.*

Wonders of Nature.—The mother kangaroo stands four or more feet high and weighs in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. The young, when first born, are only a little longer than one inch and weigh less than a house.—*Santa Ana (Calif.) paper.*

Next!—Mrs. J. S. McK—— underwent a tonsorial operation at the Miami Valley hospital Friday.

John B——, S. Ninth St. underwent a tonsorial operation at the office of Dr. —— on Friday.—*Miamisburg (Ohio) paper.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

approximate.—"K. H. M.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The word *approximate* means, "to cause to approach or come near," or "to come near in value, space, degree, or resemblance without actual coincidence." "Woman is appreciated only as she *approximates* to sterner natures" is an illustration of the correct use of the word. The preposition *to*, against which you protest, is an addition, and "approximates *to*" is a redundancy, but it is one that has been in the language since 1660, and, therefore, is an established idiom.

as if, as tho.—"M. L.," Washington, D. C.—*As tho* is an idiomatic phrase used sometimes for *as if*, altho it is condemned by grammatical authorities. Undoubtedly there may be cases in which the expression *as tho* is defensible on logical grounds, and not alone by reason of usage, but *they are very rare*. In the constantly recurring examples in ordinary conversation and composition, the correct and explicable term is *as if* and not *as tho*. "He behaves *as if* he were the owner"; that is, "He behaves *as* (he might be expected to behave) *if* he were the owner." Substitute *tho* for the last *if*, and the declaration becomes nonsense. *Tho* means even if or notwithstanding.

Altho many good writers use *as tho*, grammatical authorities favor *as if* in sentences like the following: "He walks *as tho* (say *as if*) he were lame."

contemporaneous, contemporary.—"G. H. B.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—These terms are synonymous except from the point of view of their application, for in present-day speech, *contemporaneous* is applied chiefly to facts and occurrences, and *contemporary* to persons.

The word *contemporary*, being derived from the Latin *cum*, meaning "together," and *tempus-temporis*, "time," permits of the association of the scepter and the staff, for it has no invidious significance. Good Queen Bess and the stable-boy are *contemporaries*. In other words, Elizabeth, Queen of England, and William Shakespeare lived at the same time. The writings of William Shakespeare are *contemporaneous* with those of Francis Bacon.

corpse, corps.—"I. H.," St. Louis, Mo.—*Corpse* is a singular; *corpses*, pronounced *corp'sez*, is its plural. *Corps*, pronounced "cor," a body of men, remains the same in the singular as in the plural; as "Fifteen *corps* left for the front."

evacuate.—"C. B. S.," Oldtown, Ky.—The verb *evacuate* is both transitive and intransitive. In American history, *Evacuation day* is the day on which New York was *evacuated* of British troops or that British troops *evacuated* or passed out of New York.

Godey.—"E. W. M.," Bellhaven, N. C.—The name *Godey* is pronounced *go-de'—o* as in *go*, *e* as in *prey*, and the *g* pronounced hard. *Godey* is the name of Louis Antoine Godey, who was born in New York, June 6, 1804, and who died in Philadelphia, November 29, 1878. He founded the periodical *Godey's Lady's Book*—the first woman's periodical in the United States—at Philadelphia, in 1830. The prints used in this magazine have recently attained great popularity, and are called from the founder of the magazine.

insinuate.—"W. H. Z.," Mobile, Ala.—One of the meanings of the verb *insinuate* is, "to introduce tortuously, sinuously, indirectly, or by devious methods; to introduce by imperceptible degrees or subtle means." In 1850, Robertson in his "Sermons" wrote: "There are poisons so destructive that a single drop *insinuated* into the veins produces death in three minutes."

involved.—"J. L. R.," New York City.—Not since 1388 have we any examples of *involved* being spelled *envolved*, and the examples on record are very few.

Mackinac.—"C. R.," St. Paul, Minn.—The word you submit is the place-name *Mackinac*, applied to the famous trading-post between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. *Mackinaw*, representing the Canadian French *Mackinac*, is identical with *makinak*, the word for "turtle" in Chippewa, and closely related dialects of Algonkian; said also to be a reduction of *Michilimackinac*, a corruption of an earlier *mitchi makinak*, signifying "big turtle" in Chippewa. According to Dr. William Jones, the Chippewa of Minnesota claim the word to be a shortened form of *mishinimakinunk*, "place of the big wounded or big lame person." This, however, may be an instance of folk-etymology.

obtain.—"W. H. Y.," New York City.—The word *obtain*, as used in the example cited, is in current use, and has held its own for three hundred years. *It is defined* "to be established by law or custom; be in vogue or fashion, or prevail or have place in any way within a given sphere; as, heathen practises still *obtain* in India."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION—(*Continued*)

Copper Harder Than Steel

A NEW method of hardening copper so that it will be stronger than steel, is announced from Butte, Montana.

For centuries it was believed that by a process known to the ancients, but since forgotten, pure copper could be annealed, or hardened by heat treatment, as steel is hardened.

Pure copper, however, can not be thus hardened. The metal treated by the new method is really an alloy of copper, nickel, and silicon, tho the amounts of the two other substances used are relatively small.

We quote an account of the new process and its results from *The Montana Standard* (Butte), as follows:

A successful process for making copper harder than most common steels has been perfected at the Montana State School of Mines, it was announced recently at a meeting of the Montana section of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers at the Silver Bow Club in Butte.

Altho metallurgists have been working on a process of hardening copper for several years, the first public announcement of the development of successful heat treating was made in a paper read to the engineers last night by H. F. Silliman, a research fellow in metallurgy at the local technological school.

Mr. Silliman presented a complete account of the hardening process, its effect on copper, and the added strength that is given the red metal by the process.

Copper can be brought to a hardness beyond that of structural steel by the new process, without adding any appreciable weight to the alloy. Electric conductivity of the copper is reduced only about 30 per cent. by the addition of the elements of nickel and silicon, used in the hardening process.

Mr. Silliman, who came from Waterbury, Connecticut, has carried out his research work under the direction of Dr. Francis A. Thomson, president of the School of Mines, and Dr. Curtis L. Wilson, head of the metallurgy department.

By additions of nickel and silicon, it had been known for years that copper could be hardened, but under the new process the alloy responds to heat treatment up to various degrees of hardness, depending upon the heat applied, until a tensile strength of more than 100 pounds to the square inch, a hardness of more than one and one-quarter times that of structural steel, has been attained. The new process is important in that it allows the metal to be prest or put into the wanted shape before the alloy is hardened to the required strength. Samples of the alloy in various stages of hardness were passed around to the engineers present.

DR. CURTIS L. WILSON, of the Butte School of Technology, says of the new process:

Altho the hardened copper of the ancients is only a myth, there has been quite a search for the methods of heat-treating this soft but otherwise extremely useful metal.

The results obtained by investigators of the properties of copper containing small amounts of nickel silicid indicate that the new product will find a ready and far-reaching application in industry.

The obstacle overcome in the hardening of copper is the ease with which the individual crystals of the metal would slip over one another, along the perpendicular rows of their atomic structure.

This may be visualized if one imagines a copper crystal in the shape of an apple orchard, but instead of trees in regular rows are atoms of copper. Slippage occurs between the rows of atoms when the crystal is placed under strain.

Addition of silicon and nickel does not immediately harden copper; instead they are absorbed much as a teaspoonful of sugar is dissolved in a glass of water.

The alloy is reheated and quenched in water, a treatment which makes possible retention in a solid form a structural quality exactly analogous to the liquid solution of sugar and water.

In this condition the copper is soft, and may be handled commercially as easily as other soft alloys, notably brass. It retains the outstanding characteristics of pure copper, facilitating the ease with which it may be cut into gears, drawn into wire or cable, or otherwise fabricated.

The alloy again is placed in a heating furnace and baked slowly for an hour at a temperature of about 500 degrees.

This is the final treatment, and causes the nickel silicid, scattered uniformly throughout the copper, to precipitate, just as sugar precipitates on the glass when the water of the sugar-and-water solution has evaporated.

Bearing in mind the analogy of the apple orchard, examination of the alloy with microscope and X-ray reveals that the spaces between the rows of atoms, corresponding to the aisles between the trees, are filled with minute particles of nickel silicid.

The slippage of the crystals when the metal is under strain is prevented. A rod of the new alloy the size of an ordinary lead-pencil will support about two and one-half tons without breaking.

This is from three to four times the load that could be borne by a cast-iron rod, and about one and a quarter times that which could be carried by a structural-steel rod of the same size.

A Letter to Lowell Thomas

5 Whitney Place, East Orange, N. J.

DEAR MR. THOMAS:

The following poem was inspired by the "Slips That Pass in the Night" column of THE LITERARY DIGEST. I wonder if it would be an inspiration to pied printers. Think so?

THE PRINTERS' PSALM OF LIFE

Lives of printers all remind us
It is easy to make pi
And, departing, leave behind us
Slips that call forth many a sigh.

Slips that many other printers,
Printing print from morn till eve—
Spring and summer, fall and winter—
Seeing, may a tip receive.

—(*Miss*) *Marie Weber.*

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SOLDIERS OF SILENCE

ALONG thousands of far-flung fronts, weary but courageous men have plunged into the gray of early morning to engage the enemy in battle. Glorious in victory, pathetic in defeat—they are the soldiers upon whom poets and historians have pinned the decorations of immortality.

But there are other soldiers whose valor and sacrifices, though not inscribed in tablets of bronze, are inspiring figures of determination and the will to achieve. They are the men who, in the evening quiet of home, are studying to equip themselves for the business campaigns of the present and wider conquests in the future. They are the Soldiers of Silence!

This very night, on many thousands of fireside fronts throughout the world, ambitious men will mobilize the energies remaining from a day of hard work and devote themselves to mastery of International Correspondence Schools Courses. For forty years this institution has furnished the ammunition of practical and authoritative *training* to these Soldiers of Silence, these men who defy the entanglements of circumstance and push on to positions of personal success. Their inspiration is the knowledge that by making themselves more valuable to their employers, they also earn victory for themselves.

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